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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was first published in June, 1848, and is now in its hundred and fifty-eighth year. It is the only newspaper published in the city, and is the only one in the state which is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various newsstands in the city. Merchants, clerks, and other persons who are given a list of names by advertising the publisher.

Local Matters.

Committee of 25.

The full committee of 25 of the representative council held its second meeting of the year on Tuesday evening, when most of the sub-committees had completed their work. The committee on fire department were not quite ready to report, but expected to be at the next meeting, so that the general committee could form an idea of the total amount to be raised. It was evident that unless some severe pruning of estimates should be made by the whole committee, the total budget would be considerably in excess of that of last year. Some of this is accounted for by the increase in operating expenses of the various departments, and some by new improvements which are recommended by the sub-committees. In as much as the representative council passed a resolution directing the committee of 25 to keep the budget down to the same figure as last year, it is probable that a strenuous effort will be made to prune the estimates down.

The report of the sub-committee on parks brought considerable discussion at the meeting on Tuesday evening. Among the appropriations recommended by the sub-committee was \$5,500 for public comfort stations on Morton, Aquidneck and Battery parks, these to be cared for by the employees of the park commission. It was explained that the comfort station on the Mall will have to have a regular caretaker, as it is used day and night throughout the year. There was also a suggestion made that the possibility of establishing a comfort station in the basement of the City Hall be looked into.

The question of erecting an incinerator was brought up and a number of physicians and members of the board of health spoke unqualifiedly in favor of the proposition. It was stated that this was one of the desires of the late Dr. Darrah, president of the board of health, who had long been in favor of such a method of disposal of ashes and house offal. On motion of Dr. Beck, the committee voted to recommend to the council the passage of a resolution creating a commission of five to investigate and appropriate \$500 for their expenses.

Chairman Powell of the sub-committee on schools took up the recommendations of that committee and explained them. Attention was called to the fact that only \$4000 income from the Rogers fund could be counted upon this year, and also to the fact that the receipts from poll taxes, which go to the support of the schools, are very small, only \$359 being figured on.

The report of the sub-committee on police, public buildings and recreations was considered and was adopted without much discussion.

The next meeting of the whole committee will be held on Monday evening when the fire department estimate will probably be ready. It is generally believed that this will call for more money than last year.

No One-Man Cars.

The Public Utilities Commission of the State on Saturday announced a decision in the one-man car case that has attracted considerable attention in this vicinity. The Commission announced that the ordinance of the Town of Middletown, requiring a full crew of two men on each street car operated in the town was not unreasonable, and that the commission would not further suspend the ordinance. Immediately upon receipt of official notification of the decision, the Newport & Providence Railway set out to get enough experienced men to provide two men for a car, and the operation of the cars is now being carried out in accordance with the ordinance, although the pay-as-you-enter system by the front door is still in use.



DR. RUFUS E. DARRAH.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. Rufus E. Darrah.

Dr. Rufus E. Darrah died at his home on 111 street Tuesday morning after a very short illness. He had felt his sickness coming on for several days, but refused to give up the care of his patients as long as he could possibly get around, and when he was finally forced to take to his bed he was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. From the first it was realized that his illness was very serious, and the best medical attendance and careful nursing were powerless to ward off the progress of the disease. Dr. Sweet and Dr. Ramsey had charge of the case, and two specialists were called into consultation from out of town, with other physicians assisting, so that there might be a physician at his bedside constantly. At times there were hopes of his recovery, but Monday night he had two bad sinking spells, during which oxygen was required, and it was realized then that the end could not be far off.

Dr. Darrah had long been one of Newport's leading physicians and surgeons, with an immense practice to which he devoted practically every minute of his time. As an operating surgeon he had few if any superiors, and of late years a large part of his practice had been devoted to this branch of his profession. His skill and ability were recognized not only in his immediate vicinity but throughout the State. He was a close student of sanitary subjects, and as a member of the State Board of Health and President of the Newport Board of Health, his advice and suggestions were regarded as of much weight. He was always progressive in his ideas, ready to make use of the latest developments in the scientific world, and many steps to improve the general conditions of Newport and to improve the sanitary conditions were the direct result of his studies.

Personally, he was one of the most kindly and sympathetic men. His cool, imperturbable manner in the sick room always impressed his patients with confidence in his ability and always helped to encourage the sufferer. He was not only a skillful but a daring surgeon, who did not hesitate to accept long chances in his battles against sickness and death. His generous heart and his deep sympathy for those in distress made him beloved in many homes, and the news of his untimely death brought genuine sorrow throughout the city.

Rufus E. Darrah was the son of the late Rufus T. and Eliza Frances (Carey) Darrah, and was born in Fall River on July 24, 1861. When four years old, his parents removed to Newport, his father being a locomotive engineer with a run between Boston and Newport. He received his early education in the public schools and attended the Rogers High School, leaving the latter institution to enter the Peoples Library as a clerk, retaining this position for a few months. He then entered the employ of the Old Colony Railroad, and devoted his leisure time to study, being determined to receive an education. When he had saved enough money to pay his way, he entered the Harvard Medical College, completing his course there in 1883, but

not receiving his degree until two years later because of accepting a position as house officer at the Children's Hospital just before his class graduated. For two years he was connected with the great Boston City Hospital as house officer, physician and surgeon, and then was appointed physician at quarantine and also assistant resident physician at the city institutions at Deer Island.

Dr. Darrah resigned this position and opened an office for private practice in Boston in 1892, continuing until he removed to Newport in 1896, being at the same time a medical inspector in the public schools. His experience and training in Boston well fitted him for his work in Newport. He at once began to build up a successful practice in Newport, both as a general practitioner and as an operative surgeon, being recognized as a man of unusual skill and ability in his profession. In spite of the constantly growing demands of his private practice, he managed to find the time to attend to municipal and State affairs. He had served for many years on the Newport Board of Health, for a large part of that time being president of the board and taking the leading part in directing the affairs of that important board. He had been for a number of years a member of the State Board of Health and his advice and counsel were always given serious consideration.

He was also for a number of years a member of the Newport School Committee, being at the time of his death a member of some of the most important sub-committees. The recently inaugurated military drill in the Rogers High School was largely the result of his suggestion and planning. He was also a member of the special committee to formulate plans for extending the present High School building. He was a member of the Newport Medical Society, the Rhode Island Medical Society, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the American Medical Association, and other professional organizations.

He was a member of a number of fraternal organizations, including St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., DeBlois Council, No. 5, R. & S. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., Rhode Island Consistory, 32, Palestine Temple of the Mystic Shrine, Newport Lodge of Elks, and Weenat Shashit Tribe of Red Men. He was also surgeon of the Newport Artillery Company, serving his first term in that office.

On December 5, 1895, he was united in marriage to Victoria A. Ragdale of Georgia, who survives him. He also leaves a mother, Mrs. Rufus T. Darrah, and a sister, Miss Lillian May Darrah, who lives with her mother, in Manchester, N. H. There were no children.

The funeral services were held on Friday at the Channing Memorial Church, and were attended by an immense gathering of citizens in all walks of life. The remains were escorted to the City Hall Friday morning, and there lay in state until the hour for the funeral, when they were escorted to the Channing Memorial Church by a line made up of the organizations of which he was a member. This in-

cluded St. Paul's Lodge, Washington Commandery, the Red Men, Elks, and Newport Artillery Company. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. William Safford Jones and were of a very impressive character.

The bearers, all members of the Masonic fraternity, but representing the organizations of which he was a member, were John P. Sanborn, Thatcher T. Bowler, Joseph W. Sampson, Frank E. Thompson, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Herbert Warren Lull, Frank P. King, William R. Harvey, and Drs. George D. Ramsay, Seth DeBlois, John H. Sweet, Jr., and Gardner T. Swarts. There was a vast profusion of floral offerings, both from organizations and individuals.

Mrs. William Edgar.

Mrs. William Edgar, one of the pioneer summer residents of Newport, died at her residence on Old Beach road on Monday after a considerable illness. She was in her eighty-fifth year and death was due to the infirmities of age. Her husband was Commodore William Edgar of the United States Navy, who first came to Newport as a summer resident forty-eight years ago, later building a handsome residence on Old Beach road. Since his death, about thirty years ago, Mrs. Edgar had made her permanent home in Newport. She was a very charitable woman, interested in the betterment of the condition of the poor and needy, and gave freely and unostentatiously. She was one of the founders of the Home for Friendless Children and a member of the first board of directresses, serving in that capacity until a few years ago when advancing age compelled her to relinquish her duties, her place being filled by her daughter, Miss Lucile R. Edgar. She was long an active member of Trinity Church and took a deep interest in all the work of the church.

She leaves two daughters, Miss Lucile R. Edgar, and Mrs. N. B. W. Gallway of this city, and one son, Mr. Newbold Leroy Edgar of New York.

The Bay State Street Railway Company, operating the local street railway system and the Newport & Fall River cars, have given notice to the Public Utilities Commission of a proposed increase in passenger rates to go into effect on March 6th. The change proposed is to increase all five cent fares to six cents, and also to create two fare zones in the town of Portsmouth where but one exists at present. The city of Newport would be greatly affected by the change as it would mean all six cent fares in this city. There is however provision made for the sale of nine tickets in a book for fifty cents. The company also proposes to suspend all special reduced price tickets except those for the benefit of school children. It is probable that there will be considerable opposition to the increase.

An Associated Press dispatch announces the death of one William T. Mitchell of Port Huron, Mich., and claims that he was the oldest Past Master of a Masonic Lodge in the United States. He was 98 years of age. He antedates our oldest Past Master, Ara Hildreth, in age some two years, but as a Past Master Bro. Hildreth antedates him by several years. It is now 66 years since Mr. Hildreth was elected Master of St. John's Lodge, No. 1.

The news of the acquittal of Mrs. Mohr of the charge against her in connection with the death of her husband was received with much interest in this city last Saturday. There are many rumors as to what Mrs. Mohr will do in the future, some saying that she will occupy the handsome Mohr residence, "Montpelier," just over the line in Middletown.

The price of coal has reached a record-breaking price in Newport—ten dollars a ton—and it is possible that it may be higher before it is lower. During the great coal strike in the Pennsylvania fields, the price of coal in Newport for a short time went as high as \$20 a ton, but with this exception the present figure is a top-notch.

The days are rapidly lengthening, and will soon reach a really respectable length. To-day the sun rises at 6:48 and sets at 5:12, making a total increase in the day's length of one hour and eighteen minutes.

Miss Florence Plummer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer, is recuperating from a rush operation for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital on Monday evening.

Mr. Augustus S. Benson continues to improve after having been very seriously ill with pneumonia. A slight operation a few days since, afforded a considerable relief.

Rev. William B. Reed, secretary of the New England Baptist Convention, has been in Washington this week to attend the sessions of the convention.

A number of lots of land of the Middletown tract on Bath road and Middletown avenue were sold at auction on Tuesday and brought fair prices.

Liquor Dealers Warned.

The board of license commissioners held a rather interesting meeting on Wednesday evening, when the matter of liquor selling to minors generally, and especially to apprentices from the Training Station, was taken up again. Chairman Mahan had consulted with Commander Johnston, at whose instance the original investigation had been made, and found him entirely reasonable and ready to co-operate with the local authorities as far as possible. However, the commission made it plain to the dealers that any proof of selling illegally to minors would be prosecuted to the fullest extent, both against the proprietors and bartenders who should be guilty.

Mr. Goode of Goode & Burke, with his bartender and his attorney were present, and again denied that the apprentice in question obtained liquor at his store. Inspector Tobin of the police department told of the failure to identify the bartender but told how the apprentice described the place where he purchased the liquor. Commissioner William J. Tobin thought that the firm would have done better to have gone to Commander Johnston to lay the facts before him as soon as they knew that they were under suspicion. To this attitude Attorney Mahoney took exception.

The commission will probably take no further action in this particular case, but Chairman Mahan seized the opportunity to fully express the sentiments of the commission regarding the illegal sale of liquor, his remarks dealing especially with sales to minors. He believed that a large part of the illegal sales to apprentice seamen are not made by licensed liquor dealers, and he also realized that there is some difficulty in deciding whether or not a would-be purchaser is a minor. Nevertheless, he warned the dealers to use extra care in this respect.

The annual school play at St. George's School will be given on the evening of Saturday, February 26. It is expected that Miss Diman will return from the bedside of her brother, Rev. John B. Diman, in Chicago, by that time, but Mr. Diman is not expected to reach here until some time later. He will probably go to Providence for rest and recuperation before returning the school.

Newport had another snow storm Tuesday night, some three inches of snow being on the ground by daylight Wednesday morning. It was a soft damp snow, and soon turned to rain, so that the children had little use of their sleds. Since the groundhog predicted the end of winter on Candlemas Day, we have had a pretty steady siege of the worst kind of winter weather.

Excelsior Lodge, I. O. O. F., is making a strong and healthy growth, a large number of applications for membership having been acted upon recently. On Tuesday evening, the crack degree team of Sabatia Lodge of Taunton came down and worked the first degree on 30 candidates, 21 from Excelsior Lodge and seven from Rhode Island Lodge.

Two mysterious fires at Fort Greble during the past week have caused the doubling of all guards and the taking of extra precautions to prevent fire. Although both fires were but slight as they were quickly discovered, it is currently reported that there were indications of a genuine effort to burn the barracks.

Spring is on the way. A cargo of fertilizer has arrived here to be carted out to the farms on the island. Incidentally the price of fertilizer this year is very high and it lacks some of the most valuable elements usually considered essential. This is on account of the failure to secure importations from Germany.

Alderman John J. Peckham quietly observed his seventy-fourth birthday on Friday, receiving many hearty congratulations from his host of friends. He is still as hale and hearty, and as energetic in behalf of the interests of the city, as most men twenty years younger.

To-day will be the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The anniversary exercises were to have been held in the public schools on Friday afternoon but on account of the funeral of Dr. Darrah they were postponed until Monday.

The junior entertainment committee of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held a dance for the benefit of the Chapter at the Civic League house on Friday evening.

The State Board of Health has adopted resolutions of regret at the death of Dr. Rufus E. Darrah, the Newport County member of the board.

Mrs. Everett I. Gorton submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday.

MIDDLETOWN.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]
The men of the M. E. Church will give the annual turkey supper on Wednesday evening, February 10th, at the church. The same committees were appointed as last year. Mr. Wm. J. Peckham was authorized to purchase 25 lbs. more of turkey than last year, a total of 250 lbs.

DEATH OF CHARLES P. WEBBER.

Mr. Fred L. Webber was called to North Andover, Mass., on Thursday of last week to be with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Putnam Webber, who having been in poor health, were about prostrated by the news of the death of their son, Charles P. Webber, in Mexico. The telegram gave no particulars but said a letter would follow but no further word has as yet been received. Mr. Webber returned home Sunday night. His brother had been in Mexico since 1902, having been in the employ of an English syndicate as a civil engineer. Not having been a married man he had been sent from place to place in charge of divisions so that his family were not posted as to his whereabouts. He had been home but once since taking the position.

Rev. E. E. Wells was in attendance Monday and Tuesday at the Providence District Ministerial Association. On Sunday afternoon he will deliver a temperance address at the M. E. Church, and in the evening a lecture upon the scientific side of the same question will be given, to be accompanied by stereopticon views. The lecture and slides will be given by Rev. A. B. Christy of the anti-Saloon League.

A Junior Auxiliary has recently been formed in the parish of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel through the interest of Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant, at whose home the members have been holding preliminary meetings. The society starts with ten members and the following officers: Miss Dorothy Champin Peckham, president; Miss Lottie Katherine Taber, vice president; Miss Arney Demery, secretary; Miss Katie Smith, treasurer. The meetings are to be held each Saturday afternoon at the Berkeley Parish House.

Miss May Medora Ward, a graduate of Pratt Institute, has recently been appointed a teacher of domestic science in the public schools at Central Falls and will assume her position after the spring vacation.

Mr. Willard Brigham, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brigham, who severely injured his right hand on Thanksgiving day by the accidental discharge of a gun, is so far recovered as to have been able to resume his work on Monday at the Torpedo Station. The little finger, and the one next to it, had to be amputated.

The February meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday, the president, Mrs. Fred Smith, in charge. Mrs. E. E. Wells conducted the program, "Social Christianity in India and Burma."

DEATH OF JOHN D. BLAIR.

Mr. John D. Blair died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Lo Valley on Bliss Mine road on Wednesday afternoon. He had been an invalid for 6 years as the result of a stroke of paralysis, and had been cared for most faithfully by his daughter during the entire time. Although born in Newport, his life since he was 8 years of age, had been passed entirely in Middletown, the earlier part of it in the family of the late John Ward of Paradise avenue. Mr. Blair was in his 79th year. He was the only child of John and Elizabeth (Bailey) Blair. His wife, who was Amanda Slocum of Middletown, died some four years ago and Mr. Blair has since resided with his daughter and her husband. By occupation Mr. Blair was a farmer, having started in with this work at what is now known as Gray Craig, when he was first married. He was the town sergeant for 25 years and was well known on the island. Mr. Blair is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Lo Valley, a half sister, Mrs. Charlotte Stone of Providence, three nephews, Messrs. George, Howard, and John Townsend of Providence, one niece, Mrs. Maud Townsend Taylor who resided with Mr. and Mrs. Lo Valley, and a grand nephew, Courtenay Taylor, son of Mrs. Taylor.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

The February meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the churches of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross was held on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Clarence Thurston, in Newport. Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester, the president, conducted the business session, and Rev. Everett Smith led the devotional service. A large amount of business was transacted. As it is necessary to send the annual box to Point Hope, Alaska by the middle of March, an all day meeting was appointed for next Wednesday when the two comforters will be tied at Holy Cross Guild House. At the close of the business, Rev. G. Vernon Dickey of St. George's Church Newport, spoke in an interesting manner of his trip to California.

So successful was the second dance given at the town hall on Friday evening of last week by the A. D. Club, that they are now planning to give a third on Friday evening February 25th. Messrs. George Dennis and Stephen Underwood were in charge, and they were assisted in the decorating by Miss Alzada Coggeshall.

The February meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange will be held on Tuesday at Nonquit Grange Hall Tiverton the sessions opening at 3 p. m. and at 7 p. m. An elaborate program has been prepared by Worthy Lecturer, Mrs. William Spooner of Middletown. The entertaining Grange will furnish supper. Transportation will be by motor buses from Stone Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Blair have returned to Washington after approving plans for extensive alterations to the Train villa which they recently purchased.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XVIII.

I Make Two Prisoners.

I saw him stare, open-mouthed, as though at a ghost. There was a startled look in his face, but no recognition. The same swift glimpse had revealed to me a discarded belt on the end of the desk, in which glittered the



For a Long Time I Lay There.

pearl handle of a revolver. With one step forward I had the weapon in my possession, and sprang between both men and the door.

"Not a single move, gentlemen!" I commanded crisply, yet not venturing to speak aloud, for fear of a guard outside. "Lieutenant, place your gun on the desk!"

He had it half drawn, but my weapon was aimed straight at his head.

"What the hell!" he sputtered.

"Never mind! Do as I say first, and then ask questions—take it by the barrel; now slide it across to me."

My eyes glanced aside at the face of the other, who was looking up, scarcely comprehending even yet what had occurred, and recognized Colonel Pickney. So I had blindly strayed into headquarters! Raymond gasped like a fish out of water, and the florid features of the colonel expressed a chagrin too deep for words. I thought he would explode, he sputtered so before he could give vocal utterance to his discovery.

"By G—, it's that d—n spy!"

"What!" and the lieutenant took a step forward, only to shrink back as my revolver came to a level.

"Any noise either of you make will be the last sound you'll utter in this world. Lieutenant Raymond, I will trouble you to step around back of the desk—no, the other way; I advise you not to be tricky. Colonel Pickney, sit up in your chair, and put your hands behind you in through the openings in the chair back. Oh, yes you will! Don't be a fool, man! What is this—a hair trigger?"

I never saw anyone more thoroughly angry; he would have killed me with the utmost pleasure, and, indeed, for an instant, I expected him to actually make the attempt. But my eyes, glared into his, and the man was not insane. Slowly, reluctantly, as though actually forced into the action, his arms were thrust backward into a posture of helplessness. His lips sputtered, but he could not even swear.

"Now, Raymond, take that belt and blind him," I commanded sternly. "Go to it, and be quick. Remember I have a gun in each hand. That's it—now catch the buckle."

Pickney choked with rage to which he dare not give vent, and the hands of the lieutenant shook as though from chill. His face was so white I began to think the fellow had a streak of cowardice in him, but his very fear might give him recklessness. I shoved the muzzle of a revolver against his coat.

"Now this other around his legs; strap him tight to the chair. Very good, indeed; you are learning your trade."

I tealed the taut leather with one hand.

"That will hold you, colonel, all but your mouth, and I hope you have enough sense left to guard that yourself. Raymond," and my glance swept the walls of the room hastily. "I regret troubling you so much; it is like adding insult to injury—but would you reach me those overalls hanging on the hook behind you? Thank you; now turn that chair, so the back will be this way, and—sit down."

He knew what I meant, and there was an ugly look in his eyes, but I gave him no time for action. I gripped him by the collar, twisting my knuckles into his throat, and thrust him down into the chair seat with a violence which caused the fellow to gasp for breath.

"You move when I speak!" I said threateningly. "This is no boy's play. Now put your hands back—oh, farther than that; cross them over each other. Come, do you feel the steel? I do not like you any too well, Raymond; I know your treachery."

"I did nothing against you," he protested, wriggling about to gain glimpses of my face. "I had no authority here—"

"No, but you had influence, and used it against me. I got the story straight enough, and can guess the reason.

But back straighter; there, I reckon that will hold."

I stood off and looked at the two of them, surprised at the ease with which I had accomplished the result, but entirely at sea as to my next movement. No plan, no hopeful possibility, occurred to me; I could but stare vacantly at my two prisoners, and about at the walls of the room. Raymond was jammed back into one corner farthest from the door, his face white, every bit of nerve gone, and a red welt showing where my grip had contracted the flesh. The fellow actually looked pitiful he was so completely bowed. But Pickney was of a different kidney. He sat glaring angrily at me across the table, with face red as the rising sun, straining at the rough leather, his lips muttering incoherent threats of vengeance.

"I'll get you yet, you d—n rascal," I heard him growl, "and stretch your neck without any trial."

"And I'll gag that mouth of yours," I answered, "and keep it still for awhile. Oh, yes, you'll open up, my man! I know a trick that will make you bite the lighter I pull the cord. How about you, lieutenant? Would you like a dose of the same medicine?"

I stepped across to him, a strip of cloth in my hand, but just at that instant the latch of the door rattled as though a hand without gripped it. I had barely time in which to leap back against the wall, hidden from view, when the door opened inward. All I saw was the glimpse of a man's hand and sleeve. The fellow must have perceived nothing to alarm him, for he merely held the door ajar.

"A lady to see the colonel," he announced briefly. "Just step in, miss." I saw her advance two steps, and then stop motionless, with half-suppressed cry of surprise. The sentry could not have heard the slight exclamation, for he closed the door, the latch clicking sharply. Her eyes opened wide, staring first at the colonel, then at Raymond, so startled at the discovery of their predicament as to be dazed. I took a step forward, and the swift light of recognition flashed into her eyes, as she leaned forward to scan me more closely in the dim light of the single lamp. I could not tell, I could not be sure, yet I thought the expression on her face was one of relief, of rejoicing.

"You!" she exclaimed, as though not yet half convinced of the truth. "You here—and free! What—what have you done to these men?"

I laughed lightly, so relieved by her reception as to feel a new man.

"Merely turned the tables; this time luck was on my side, and neither gen-



"You!" She Exclaimed. "You Here, and Free!"

tleman seemed eager to prove a hero. As you perceive, they are like lambs."

They hardly looked it, for if ever murder glared unconcealed in the eyes of men, it did then; but they were helpless to move or express themselves—at least the colonel was, although he struggled furiously. The younger officer made no attempt, his thin lips drawn back in a cruel snarl. I was certain there was a swift gleam of amusement in the girl's eyes, but it passed quickly as her glance again met mine.

"But you! Tell me; I must understand in order to know what to do. How did you come here?"

"From the big chimney. I had no suspicion this room was occupied, until I came face to face with these men. But they were more surprised even than I. I got the guns first, and that ended it; but I cannot hold you up that way."

"There is no necessity."

"No!" I could not keep the joyous note out of my voice. "You mean—"

"Merely that I came here seeking your release, or rather to urge that you be given a trial at Charleston. It is scarcely likely under all conditions that I will prevent your escape, or attempt to do so. You saved me from a fate worse than death, and were captured while endeavoring to serve me. Surely you did not suppose I had forgotten? You received my message?"

"Yes, and was most thankful for it. I confess I had doubted before."

"I read your thoughts in your face; that was one reason why I wished to

reassure you. I could not be ungrateful." She glanced across the room, and began again as though anxious to get upon another topic. "I requested Lieutenant Raymond to intercede in your behalf, and he pledged me his word to do so. Less than an hour ago I learned he was exerting his influence with Colonel Pickney against my wishes. I determined to come here in person and learn the truth. Have you any explanation, Lieutenant Raymond?"

"The fellow is a self-confessed spy," he asserted hoarsely. "There was nothing I could say to save him."

"Lieutenant, I made no request that you would interpose to save this man from his just fate under military law. My father was a soldier, and I know a soldier's duty. All I asked was that he be sent to Charleston, to the headquarters of this department, where he could have an impartial trial. If you had so advised Colonel Pickney, that would have been done. He would have gladly shifted the responsibility elsewhere. Now the full burden of decision falls on me. I must choose between two duties—my loyalty to the Union or to my husband."

Raymond certainly was no more startled than I at this avowal, perhaps less so, for although the words choked in his throat, he managed to give them utterance.

"Your husband! Good God! Do you mean to say you are married to this fellow?"

"I not only mean it," she said calmly, "but I have the proof with me. I tell you the fact merely to justify my action, for I intend to save him if I can. I wish Colonel Pickney to know why I do this—what conditions justify me in so rebellious a course. This man does not deserve death; he was captured while defending me from insult, and he is my husband. I should be unworthy the name of woman if I did not aid his escape."

She turned to me, her eyes eager.

"Tom, you must do just as I say."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Lady Chooses.

She came across toward me, her back to the others, and spoke swiftly, yet in a low voice which did not carry to their ears.

"There is only one way possible for you to pass out of this building and through the camp safely. There are guards everywhere, and the orders are very strict; but I think we can go together. I know the countess—Captain Fox is officer of the day, and trusted me with it. If you only had a uniform! Where is the one you wore?"

"My trip through the chimney left that in rags," I answered, impressed by her earnestness, and getting my wits together.

She glanced about the walls of the room, a frown between her eyes.

"Then we must forage from the enemy," with a little nervous laugh. "You would never pass the sentry in the corridor wearing that suit. You will have to take the lieutenant's coat and cap. Be quick about it—and—and you need not be particularly gentle on my account."

"Nor on my own, either—Fox informed me of what he told you."

I was not long about the job, nor did Raymond make any resistance to the exchange forced upon him. I took no chances, binding him with greater care than before, and fitting a gag into his mouth to silence any possible cry for help. Noreen stood close to the door, apparently listening for some noise without, yet occasionally directing her glance toward us anxiously.

"Are you ready?" she asked in a low whisper.

"Yes; but tell me your plan. I need to know what character I am to enact—Raymond?"

"Not at first, not in the hall. That would be useless, as there is a light burning. Listen," and she grasped my sleeve in both hands in her eagerness to explain. "There is a sentry stationed outside this door—the colonel's orderly, I presume, but fully armed, and two others at the front entrance. These are twenty or thirty feet away, and out of sight from this door. I am not particularly afraid of passing them."

"It's the fellow stationed here!"

"Yes; he will be suspicious of a stranger coming out with me, for he has seen everyone who came in."

"There is only one course to pursue, then. We must trust to force, and a quick assault which will give the fellow no time to raise an alarm. You go out alone, leaving the door slightly ajar, and engage him in conversation. Did he appear to be genial when you met him before?"

"Yes, rather eager to talk—a young man."

"Good; then you can gain his attention for a moment. Stand so that his back will be to the door."

"You are not going to kill him?"

"There will be no necessity; once I get my grip the affair will be over—you understand?"

Her lips were firmly set, her eyes gravely earnest. The light fell full on her face. I could not refrain from touching her hand.

"You will let me thank you!"

"Please do not speak of that—every moment now means so much. Yes, I understand perfectly; shall I go now?"

I nodded. Drawing slightly back behind the door, I thrust both revolvers into the belt I had retained; this was to be an affair of bare hands—swift, merciless, noiseless.

She grasped the latch, lifted her eyes to mine for a bare instant, then stepped out into the hall, her lips smiling, as she paused a moment to glance backward into the room.

"Very well, colonel; I shall certainly take her word for my message," she said gayly, "and I thank you so much."

Her fingers released the latch, leaving the door standing ajar.

"Oh, sentry," she said pleasantly, but with guarded voice, "I know it is perfectly ridiculous, but a strand of hair has become entangled in this clasp. Would you kindly see if you can free it?"

"Certainly, miss."

I heard him set down his musket against the wall, and step forward. "On the other side," she suggested. "If you turn this way you will get the



She Stepped Back as I Gripped Him.

benefit of the light; it is caught in those crossed sabers, I think."

She stepped back as I gripped him, steadying the musket to keep it from being jarred to the floor. A gasp, and one convulsive effort to break loose; but with the first jerk backward I had him off his feet, helpless, my arm circling his throat, holding him in a vice. I dragged him forward through the door, and flung him to the floor face downward.

"Not a cry, son," I commanded sternly. "I'll not shoot unless I have to. Hand me the rope cord in that upper desk drawer, Noreen; yes, that's it. Now, Jack, put your hands behind you! Rather a surprise party, wasn't it?"

The fellow stared up at me, and grinned.

"You sure did put it over me that time," he admitted, a touch of genuine admiration in his voice. "Who are you, may I ask?"

"The spy you fellows planned to hang in the morning," I answered, amused by his unexpected good humor. "Sorry, Jack, but I'll have to gag you."

"The pleasure is mine; don't mention it," and he winked facetiously, with a nod of his head toward the heavily breathing colonel. I bound a bit of rag over his mouth, mere to give him an excuse for silence than because I had any fear he would raise an alarm. Noreen had silently opened the door, and slipped out into the corridor. With a swift glance over the three helpless men left behind, I joined her, and lightly closed the door. The light of the distant lamp revealed her face, but her eyes were serious.

"Better leave the musket leaning against the wall," I whispered, noting she still grasped the weapon. "It will only arouse suspicion. There are two guards at the front entrance?"

"Yes," she answered swiftly, "and you had better give the word. If they stop you and ask any questions, give them any name you please—only you came with dispatches from General Ramsay two hours ago, and have been with Colonel Pickney ever since. It is less than an hour since the guard was relieved, for Captain Fox left me in order to make the rounds, and these men will not know. You understand?"

"Perfectly. And the countersign?"

"Kana-wha."

I hesitated, and her eyes flashed into mine.

"I will go also," she said simply, "for I can guide you through the camp. Draw the cap visor lower down over your eyes—we may meet with someone who saw you brought in as a prisoner. That is better; now we will chat as we go—about—about West Point. Do you remember, lieutenant, that last cadet dance? Captain Fox tells me—"

We turned the corner into the wide entrance hall, strolling slowly side by side, her face turned upward to mine. Apparently my eyes were upon her, and I made some inane response to her words, yet I saw the sentries at the door come stiffly to attention, and then cross their musket barrels to bar our exit. I halted as though in surprise.

"Are there any new orders?" I asked in tone of authority. "You remember passing us in, do you not?"

"We passed the lady, sir," the older man answered respectfully, "but no officer."

"Ah, yes, I see; you are not the same men who were on guard when I arrived. I am Lieutenant Mann, of General Ramsay's staff, and have been with Colonel Pickney. The lady will vouch for me."

"Yes, sir," yet with lingering doubt in his voice. "No doubt it is all right, sir; but the orders are very strict tonight. If you have not the word I shall have to call the sergeant."

"Quite right, my man; but that is not necessary," and I took a step nearer and bent my head. "Kana-wha."

The two men shouldered their muskets, and the older one brought his hand up to salute.

"Pass, sir," he said soberly, and stood aside. We went down the broad steps, dimly lighted by a distant fire, my hand touching her arm. The infantry camp lay between us and the road. The campfire in front yielded just enough light to enable me to study out our surroundings. The band still played noisily in the courtyard above. The camp was quiet, the soldiers apparently sleeping on the ground. I could perceive only a few tents, showing white in the twilight, but the figures of sentries appeared here and there, slowly pacing their beats. Had I been alone I should have crept forward and endeavored to slip by unseen, but I was conscious of the hand which grasped my sleeve, and my eyes fell to her face.

"You are a guide tonight," I whispered softly. "Have you some plan already devised? There must be instant action."

"Hardly that; this has all occurred so quickly, so unexpectedly. I have had no time in which to think. Isn't it best to go straight ahead, and run the chance?"

"Past the guard yonder?"

"Yes; I am not greatly afraid of him! We have the word, and Captain Fox and I were together when I passed here before. He will remember me, and have no suspicion. Only there may be officers sitting in the veranda of the hotel."

"It looks dark and deserted from here, and the hour is late."

"True; I suppose all who are not on duty are at the dance. Besides, there is no other way in which you can attain the stables. I—I am ready to try it—are you?"

I answered with the pressure of my hand on the fingers clasping my sleeve. There was no response; neither were they withdrawn. She drew a long breath, and stepped bravely forward. The way was clear, easily followed even in the darkness, and I walked close beside her. Within a few yards of the fellow who gave vent to a little ripple of laughter, barely enough to attract attention, and again slipped her hand into the support of my arm. The soldier stood at attention, but made no effort whatever to bar our progress.

We strolled on slowly, passing directly beneath the glare of the lamp. We attempted to talk, but I retain no memory of a single word that was uttered. My heart was beating like an engine, and my throat was dry, the fingers of one hand gripping the butt of a revolver in my belt. I was dimly aware of the tremor in her voice, the pressing closer to me of her slender figure. We passed out beyond the glow of the revealing light, to where our eyes were able to sweep the darkened porch. There were a dozen chairs standing back of the rail, but none were occupied. She gave a little sob of relief, both hands nervously grasping my sleeve.

"Thank God!" she said fervently, "now if we only have five minutes more!"

CHAPTER XX.

A Step Nearer.

"The stables?" I asked. "What horses are there?"

"Officers' mounts; but there were several others tied at the hitch rail an hour ago. They appeared to be good stock; better even than the government horses."

I could perceive them dimly, from where we skulked in the shadow of the building. I took a step or two forward, crouching the house, so as to better approach the animals along the shadow of an orchard fence. I knew she followed close at my heels and, turning, got a glimpse of her frightened face.

"There is no reason why you should worry," I said softly, taking her hands in mine. Now listen to me; your nerves are all unstrung; this night's work has been too much for you—too much for any girl. And God knows you have done enough for me already. Where are you stopping? Here at the hotel?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then slip inside while there is no one hanging around; and get safely to your own room. There is nothing more you can do. I will take one of those horses yonder and be off, and I know the country well enough to find my way. Once in the mountains I shall be safe. You will do as I say?"

To my surprise, she looked straight into my face, standing motionless. She seemed to catch her breath, as though it was difficult to speak.

"You mean that—that I am to go to my room?" she asked slowly.

"Certainly; that will be the safest and best thing for you to do. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you; nothing I can ever do will repay the service you have rendered me. You are a wonderfully brave girl!"

"Do you think so? Oh, but I am neither brave nor wonderful. I have scarcely known what I was doing; it didn't seem as if there was anything else I could do. But I know now; I have no doubt any more—unless—unless you refuse to let me."

"I refuse! I do not understand what I could refuse. All that remains is for you to go to your room. You will be perfectly safe here."

"How will I be safe here?" she asked indignantly. "Do you suppose they will spare me, merely because I am a woman? This has not been done in secret; there are too many who know my part in your escape to ever keep the truth hidden. Colonel Pickney will have to make his report and shield himself from blame. There is not an officer here who will stand openly in my defense, unless it be Captain Fox, and he could not help me. Is it under such conditions you desire I remain here?"

"But do you realize what going with me will inevitably mean?"

"Yes, I realize—not only the peril and hardship, but every issue involved. I made my choice back in the courtyard. It is too late to withdraw."

She paused as though unable to find expression, breathing heavily, and her face sank until I could no longer see her eyes.

"When I told Colonel Pickney that—that you were my husband," she faltered, driven to it by my continued silence, "I spoke hastily, it is true; for my only thought just then was the necessity for saving your life. I felt that—that I could do no less, and—and I desired to justify my action. They—they had to know why I did it; do you not understand? I—I am a Union woman; they have trusted me always, these men; even tonight they told me the countersign because of confidence in my loyalty. I—I was the daughter of an officer on General Ramsay's staff. I could not let those men think me a traitor. I—I had to tell them why it had become my duty to aid you. There was no

other possible way; no other reason which would justify me in such an act; but—but that confession left me utterly in your power."

"In my power, Noreen! Surely you do not think that I will ever take advantage of that! I will ever misconstrue your real purpose!"

"Not but will you live up to the obligation? Oh, you do not see the situation at all! When I said you were my husband I threw myself on your protection. I—I burned the boats. I am all alone now, unless—unless you stand by me. My father is dead; there is not one person anywhere to whom I can go. If I remain here I shall be placed under arrest before daylight—charged with aiding your escape; perhaps charged with aiding you in your work—and I have no friends, no defense. Tom, I must go on with you!"

I could not ignore her plea, nor would I misconstrue it. It was fear which thus drove her to me; she had more confidence in my kindness than in their justice—that was the whole story. The poor girl was so frightened she had chosen blindly—she could perceive nothing, realize nothing, except the necessity for immediate escape. My own resolve was instant.

"Do not say any more, Noreen," I said soberly, but making no attempt to touch her. "I understand now. You mean you wish to ride with me? You trust me fully?"

"I trust you; is not that enough? All I ask now is, do not leave me here alone."

Her fingers clasped my coat, her eyes suddenly lifted to my face.

"Promise me that, Tom," she begged brokenly. "It will be all I ask."

"Surely; we will go together," and I gripped her hands tightly in mine. "Whatever happens I will do my best. But we must go at once."

"Yes, and—and thank you."

We crept forward along the shadow of the orchard fence, until we mingled with the horses fastened at the hitch-



"I Trust You; Is Not That Enough?"

ing rail. I selected among them, as best I could in the darkness, two that seemed well adapted to our purpose. I helped her silently into the saddle, thrusting one of my revolvers into the empty holster, and then mounted myself.

"Which way had we better go?" I asked, my face close, our horses touching.

"Along the south road at first, there is a cut-off just back of the old school."

"And the pickets—do you know where they are posted?"

"At the ford of the Green Briar—the main ford."

"There are none at Benton?"

"No; I do not think they even know the river is fordable there; it is not on the maps."

We rode forward slowly, my hand on her bridle rein, keeping in the deeper shadows along the side of the road, until we passed beyond the last house of the village. If the camp was not alarmed for another half hour, our pursuers would be given a hard task. Strange that the Federal scouts had never located the Benton ford. To be sure it was narrow, and of no value in high water, yet an ideal place for raiding parties to cross, and all those hills beyond were full of guerrilla bands eager to strike quick and get safely away. That they dared to attack small bodies of troops, and especially poorly guarded wagon trains, had been demonstrated more than once, and this secret ford gave them easy opportunity. The Cowans certainly knew of its feasibility, and the wonder was they had never utilized it before.

The longer I thought the more I began to dread the unknown dangers ahead—the gauntlet we must run before attaining the Confederate lines. We could baffle pursuit, but if once we came into contact with those irregulars of the mountains—merciless, irresponsible—no one could predict the result. I could skulk along through the night, discard my horse, travel afoot, and thus avoid encountering any of those villains. I was myself a mountaineer, and knew the secret trails. But with her beside me, the two of us mounted, such a feat was almost impossible. I must find her food and shelter, and we could not travel on horseback without leaving a trail unconcealed. To be sure, I knew her of old; that she was strong, resourceful, fearless—yet she was a woman to be protected from insult, to be guarded against exposure; more, she was the woman I loved.

But would she be in any less danger if I compelled her to return to Lewisburg? She would be exposed to indignities, to almost certain persecution from Raymond.

"Noreen," I said, turning my face toward her. "Do you really think it best to try this ride with me?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Saturday, February 12, 1916

The doubling the capacity of West Point and Annapolis ought to give a lot of ambitious boys a chance to get a good military or naval education at the expense of Uncle Sam.

The candidacy of Mr. Guy Norman of this city for Congress seems to be gaining strength every day. Mr. Norman is a good citizen, a good business man, and an all-around good fellow. He is emphatically Newport's choice.

Speaker Clark and Representative Mann, the Republican leader in Congress worked together in the house on Monday for the passage of the preliminary preparedness bill, while Representative Kitchen, the Democratic leader sat back and smirked. From now on it is pretty evident that all will not be peace and harmony in the Democratic tent.

A Congressman from Milwaukee wants to remove the National Capital to that city "Made famous by beer," for fear that the District of Columbia will go dry and then he might be compelled to go outside to get his favorite Milwaukee beverage. So a day or two since he introduced a bill for the removal. Still we doubt if it will be advisable for the Milwaukee brewers to lay in a larger stock of their own peculiar goods at present.

Rep. Kitchen of North Carolina, chairman of the ways and means committee, has declared himself in favor of the permanent repeal of the free sugar proviso of the Underwood tariff act, and a majority of his committee are understood to hold the same opinion. Why? Because free sugar hits the Southern planters and a majority of all Congressional Committees, as is always the case with a Democratic Administration, come from the South.

A mysterious concern, known as America Cartridge Co., has for several months been hiring men from the Bridgeport plants working on contracts for the allies. Tension money is believed to be behind an attempt to cripple the factories. It has tried to hire as many men as possible from the Remington Arms Co. and the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. It is said that 300 skilled men who were employed by those concerns or by other factories are now idle, but are drawing large salaries from the America Co. Such are the reports sent out.

It is pretty evident that Germany does not want war with the United States. We may be unprepared for war now but with war once declared we could get ready for action without long delay. With our enormous resources we could out last any nation in Europe. Germany knows this and it is said that the great majority of her people believe that our entrance into the war would mean a victory for England, and England is the nation that Germany is really fighting. With England out of the way Germany would be only too happy to make peace with the other allies.

Every increase of taxes in this State carries with it an increase of salary for somebody. The House has passed the inheritance tax bill and sent it to the Senate. Now comes a bill into the House by Representative Jennings to increase the salary of ex-Lieut. Gov. Bliss, chairman of the tax commission from \$3000 to \$5000 and increase the expense of the office from \$3000 to \$14,000. There would seem to be no just demand for these big increases and the General Assembly should go slow in adopting them. The people may stand a reasonable increase in taxes for a specific and needed purpose, like the appropriation for repair of State roads, and better accommodations at the State institutions, but they will not stand the throwing away money on needlessly increased salaries, or the doubling of office expense, unless a better reason can be shown than is apparent in the present case.

The death of Dr. Rufus E. Darrah creates a great void in this community, and for many years to come he will be greatly missed. Few in Newport know of the great good that he accomplished here. He was ready at any moment to respond to the call of distress, and his skillful hand and active brain were as much at the service of the poor as of the rich. But it was not alone in the cure of disease that Dr. Darrah helped the people of Newport—he believed that prevention of unnecessary sickness was the proper aim of a great physician. His work on the Board of Health accomplished a great deal in making Newport a healthy city and in preventing the annual deaths from typhoid fever that had long been believed unpreventable. On the State Board of Health his advice and counsel were sought by his associates on all important matters and his opinion carried great weight. Struck down by the hand of death in the flower of his manhood, Dr. Darrah really gave his life to his patients. Unwilling to relinquish his tender care as long as he could possibly make his rounds, in spite of storm and weather, he held on until his strength was sapped and he was unable to resist the dread disease that he had so often conquered for others. A brave man, an able man, a kindly and generous man, Newport sorely regrets his loss.

Board of Aldermen.

There was considerable business for the board of aldermen at the weekly meeting on Thursday evening. There was no breaking of the deadlock over the choice of a president of the board, but Mayor Boyle announced that at each meeting hereafter one alderman will be taken, regardless of who may be absent.

Weekly bills and payrolls were approved and other routine matters were disposed of. There was a protest against a junk license for Robin Mirman, but after some discussion and the explanation of the situation by the owner of the premises, the board voted to grant the license. The culvert on Bliss road was again up for discussion, Street Commissioner Sullivan being before the board, but there seemed nothing new and the subject was dropped without action. Alderman Peckham presented resolutions of regret at the loss of Dr. Rufus E. Darrah, and they were unanimously adopted. The same alderman presented resolutions opposing the separation of the land and water lines of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, which were adopted and ordered communicated to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Alderman Hanley presented resolutions opposing an increase in the State tax rate and requesting the city's representatives in the General Assembly to prevent its adoption if possible; passed.

William J. Barker was appointed a special policeman, several licenses were granted, and other minor matters were disposed of.

General Assembly.

The daily sessions of the Legislature are becoming a little more busy as the session advances, a number of new bills having been introduced and others reported by committees during the past week in both branches. The House has been struggling with the annual appropriation bill, which was promptly reported by the finance committee, as that committee made a thorough study of the bill before it was introduced. The inheritance tax act has been passed by the House, and the act increasing the town tax by three cents to be applied for State roads is on the calendar of the House. It will probably be passed but there will be a hard fight made against it.

The Senate committee are getting busy, there having been some delay in starting their work because of the fact that most of the important measures have originated in the House and the Senate does not get them until after they are passed by the House. An act that has afforded the Senators considerable amusement is one providing for a license for cats. This was reported without recommendation by the committee on judiciary, but was sent back to the committee with instructions to hold a public hearing.

The House judiciary committee on Thursday reported the bill allowing the State tax commission to equalize tax assessments throughout the State. The bill was reported without recommendation, and it is generally understood that it will be killed.

Gov. Beekman on the Roads Tax.

Gov. Beekman, speaking before the Rotary Club of Providence Tuesday, took occasion to give the people of that city some plain talk on the narrow-mindedness of its city government. He said in part, as reported by the Providence Journal:

"I want to say a word about the roads. At the present time we have not a single dollar to spend on the roads, except that which comes from licensees. If the increase in the State tax does not pass, there will not be a single dollar spent on the roads, either for repairing roads or building new ones. The proposed increase would not mean much to Providence. I am surprised that the members of the City Government took the stand they did, when they voted to recommend to their representatives in the General Assembly that they oppose the bill. "It would mean about \$101,000 to the city of Providence. But \$104,000 to Providence is no more than the \$106 which West Greenwich will be assessed. I don't see why Providence should be the stumbling block in the way of making the roads better. Providence is responsible for 75 per cent. of the damage to roads. With the exception of a few heavy machines owned in Pawtucket and Woonsocket, the big motor trucks owned in the State are owned by Providence men or firms. And it is these heavy seven-ton trucks that do the damage to the roads. In the towns these machines are all light ones, cars that do the minimum of damage to the roads.

"Take the heavy trucks that go between New York and Boston. They all stop in Providence and the occupants spend money here. Another thing, while I have anything to do with it, there won't be a dollar spent on the roads until we have the money to spend. Although politics is my business now, I was for many years a business man, and I found out that it wasn't good policy to spend money until I knew where that money was coming from."

For the most pro-English paper published either in this country or in England commends to the Providence Journal. In fact neither the London Times nor the other great English papers are half so hot on the German trail as is the Journal. A careful search of its columns throughout the war fails to discover one word of criticism of the allies or one word of commendation of German action.

The Newport board of aldermen on Thursday evening adopted resolutions opposing the divorcing of the land and waterlines of the New Haven system. This action has been taken by many municipal and business organizations throughout New England.

"Pa, what are blood relations?"

"War stories, my son."

Fifty Years Ago

(Newport Mercury of February 10, 1867.)
BIG WAR EXPENDITURES.

By a report published showing expenditures incurred for war purposes by the cities and towns of the State, we note some facts:

Providence paid \$16,259 for bounties, \$29,382.16 for clothing, and \$201,914.92 for aid to families; total \$247,556.09. Newport paid \$93,062.55 for bounties, \$255.76 for clothing, and \$4601 for aid to families; total \$93,518.31. The State in assuming a portion of the debt paid Providence \$34,079, and Newport \$69,991. Providence expended \$108.91 and New Shoreham \$3,353.61, and neither has received anything from the State. Middlebury expended \$16,034.72 and has received \$5,699; Portsmouth \$19,320.41, received \$2997; Tiverton \$35,921.38, received \$22,199; Little Compton \$11,597.23, received \$4,894.

In Providence the inhabitants are made up of 29,163 Americans, 23,239 foreigners, and 1,193 either father or mother being of foreign birth. Newport has 7,776 Americans, 4,318 foreigners, and 351 whose father or mother was of foreign birth.

There are 1,521 natives of Ireland in this city; 161 of England; 112 of Germany; 73 of Scotland or Wales; 69 of British America; 66 of France; 6 of Portugal and Western Isles; 4 of Africa; 3 of Italy; 2 each of Spain, Sweden, West India, Sandwich Islands, East India, Mexico, and Russia. In this city there are 824 persons over 15 years of age who can neither read nor write, 118 being American and 710 foreign. There are 179 who can read but not write, 45 being American and 134 foreign.

It appears that the whole number of colored children who have received permits to enter the white schools is twenty, and the number of white scholars, who left the schools in consequence, is twelve. The colored schools are quite as full as they were before the order was promulgated, and with the exception of these twenty admitted there does not appear to be any desire for the "social equality" so persistently contended for. As the General Assembly will have to wait some days yet for that "bone of contention" that the committee are shying up, would it not be well to bring forward the act in regard to caste schools.

The Providence papers have reported that our harbor was frozen over Monday night to Fort Wolcott, for the first time since 1856. This is absolutely false, as Brother Danielson would have found if he had come down here for the purpose of walking over to the Fort. There has been no time this winter but we would have guaranteed him a swim of half a mile due west from Long wharf, as clear of ice as during the summer months.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of February 11, 1891.)

THE BURGLAR CAUGHT.

The police made an important arrest last Sunday morning and one which they feel entitled them to some credit, as they believe it puts into confinement the principal at least in the recent Newport burglaries. Officer Crowley returned from Boston Saturday with a watch and chain which had been stolen from the residence of Mrs. Harriet L. Stevens, and which he had found in a pawn shop at the Hub, where it had been deposited by a person answering in description to James W. Phenix, a mulatto living on West Court, who the police had had under suspicion for several weeks. On the strength of this freshly acquired evidence, a detail of police, including Captain Garnett, Sergeant Griffith, Sergeant Denman, and Officers Crowley, Wilcox and Dunbar, surrounded the suspect's residence about seven o'clock Sunday morning and demanded his surrender. Phenix made a bold break for liberty, but in countering the muzzle of a seven-shooter at every direction taken he finally surrendered, and was arrested on a warrant charging him with breaking and entering the residence of Mrs. Harriet L. Stevens. The rooms occupied by Phenix were thoroughly searched and among many apparently stolen things found was a pin which was subsequently identified as one of the articles taken from Mrs. Stevens' residence.

Another detail of police arrested Henry Williams at the same time, taking him from his home on Heath court. Williams was taken on suspicion of being an accomplice of Phenix, the two being very intimate friends. Both prisoners were arraigned before Judge Baker Monday morning, and both pleading not guilty, they were committed without bail until yesterday, when their case was continued for one week.

Chief Tur received a letter from a gentleman in Braintree, Pa., a day or two ago, which was indicative that the police had really got a prize in one of their prisoners at least. The letter states that on the 18th of December, 1888, one J. W. Phenix and confederate named Ross were discovered by the writer's sons in the act of committing a burglary at Braintree, and pursued for nearly a mile before captured, and then only after a half dozen shots had been exchanged. Three days later, while in charge of the police, and en route to Norristown, Phenix jumped through the car window, the train going at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and striking on his head escaped with only a few bruises. He had not since been located, but was supposed to be in New York. Ross, his accomplice, pleaded guilty to attempted burglary and assault with intent to kill, and is now serving a six years sentence.

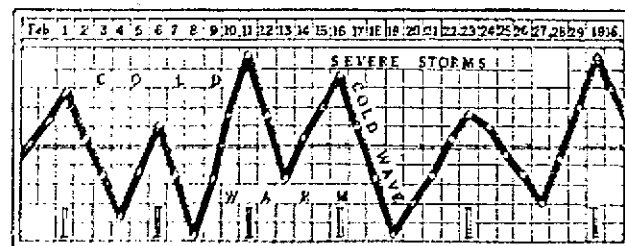
If the Phenix of 1888 and the Phenix of 1891 are one and the same, as they undoubtedly are, Newport has certainly harbored a desperate thief too long already, and if the police succeed in getting him permanently located somewhere else they will have done a job which they will have a right to feel proud of.

Representative of Henry Ford estimates cost of peace expedition since leaving New York, including the return trip, at \$375,000. Cost of keeping the permanent peace board, with expenses of the representatives of neutral nations, is expected to reach \$1,000,000.

Rev. Philip Mercer Rhineland, Bishop of Philadelphia, assisted at the funeral of Mrs. William Edgar, which was held at Trinity Church on Wednesday.

Tom—After all, man's a poor worm. Jack—That's so; and if he doesn't look out some "chicken" will get him.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



February will average colder than usual. Precipitation will be generally excessive. Heavy rains south and snows north. Probably not so much rain in middle west and not so much snow in middle northwest. Severe storms, cold wave and blizzard during week centering on February 19. Eastern sections and Pacific slope will get heavy rains or snows. Most precipitation during week centering on February 20.

Trend line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 10, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Feb. 14 to 18, warm wave 13 to 17, cool wave 18 to 20. This will be the lamb with the lion following. The summer before the winter. Rather warm and quiet till Feb. 16 when the storm will break in the middle west and then for several days strenuous weather may be expected. (We got the predicted great storm for January but their forces were expended in the three-fourths of the continent lying west of meridian 90. The evaporation district was located in the far west and it held the cold waves and other severe storms in western sections. But a change is due. The great storms, rains, snows, floods will gradually shift to more eastern latitudes and from about middle of February onward the eastern sections that feel slighted in not getting their share of the great January storms will change their tune. About Feb. 12 one of our storms will be a little east of meridian 90 and that storm is expected to inaugurate the change of great storms from the Rockies and Pacific slope to the Central valleys and eastern sections. By that change the Panama canal and Pacific slope will be relieved from excessive rains and severe storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, central valleys 22 to 24, eastern sections 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 20, central valleys 22, eastern sections 24. Cool

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent.)

A Junior Auxiliary has been formed by the young people of the Christian Church which meets in the vestry of the church on Saturday afternoons. Mrs. Robert Purcell was chosen as director.

Mrs. Robert Downing entertained at the paragonage of the Christian Church in honor of her birthday. Tea was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Robert Purcell and Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion.

There was a good attendance at the dance at Oakland Hall on Wednesday evening, many being present from Newport. Mr. Roy Peckham managed the affair.

Mrs. J. O. C. Peckham is ill with the grippe.

Mr. Herbert Chase was stricken with a shock early Monday morning at the home of Mr. John Blair. On Sunday morning Mr. Chase went to care for Mr. Blair, and was found unconscious by one of the family about 3.30 a. m., Monday. Dr. Francis P. Conway was summoned immediately and carried Mr. Chase to the Newport Hospital where he is now. Although the shock was a severe one Mr. Chase shows considerable improvement and it is hoped that he can leave the hospital soon.

Rev. Robert Downing, pastor of the Christian Church spoke at the men's meeting in the Bijou theatre, Fall River, Sunday afternoon, to a large company of men, this being one of the regular series of men's meetings. Hymns were sung and there was special music by a male quartette. The subject of Mr. Downing's address was "From the stage to the pulpit."

Miss Florence Rose was given a pleasant surprise when a party of young people arrived to spend the evening with her. Games were played and there was music. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton have had as guest Mr. George M. Hall of Edmonton, Alberta county, Canada.

Miss Kate L. Duffee is visiting her sister, Mrs. William W. Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Fremont Grinnell have been guests of Mrs. Sophie Nichols of Providence.

Mr. Charles B. Ashley has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Katherine White of Fall River.

Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman sprained her ankle badly recently which confined her to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Miss Viola Borden of Newport has been ill with grippe at the home of her sister, Mrs. Andrew Malone of Power street.

Mrs. Eunice A. Greene entertained the Women's Christian Temperance Union at her home on Tuesday afternoon for the regular meeting. There was a business session. The Francis Willard memorial meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Greene March 17th.

Mrs. Robert Whitworth of Sprague street entertained the Helping Hand Society on Tuesday afternoon. Plans were made for a Washington Birthday supper to be held in the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney T. Heddy entertained a party of young people recently. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. M. A. Steele has gone to Haverhill, Mass., to visit her niece, Mrs. Harry Bailey.

Rev. Arthur Wadsworth of Orleans, Mass., has been the guest of his father, Rev. John Wadsworth.

Mr. Louis Chase has gone to a Providence hospital for treatment.

"I know a fellow who is usually successful in handling the grip." "Is he a doctor or a bellhop?"—Baltimore American.

FRENCH FIGHTS THE FEATURE

Conflicts Continue to Rage on the Western Front

BOTH SIDES LOSING HEAVILY

Germans Making Series of Small But Steady Gains—Russians Strongly on Offensive, But Are Driven From Advanced Positions—Greece Sticks to Her Policy, Despite Pressure

London, Feb. 11.—There is no diminution in the severe fighting between the French and the Germans in the Artois region of France.

Northeast of Vimy, according to Berlin, a large section of a French trench has been captured by the Germans, while near Neuville crater that had been previously lost to the French were retaken. A few prisoners and twenty-two machine guns also fell into the hands of the Teutons.

Paris asserts that in the district around La Fille, southwest of Vimy, the Germans were forced out of communicating trenches they had, and also that two strong attacks by the Germans against the French between Neuville and La Fille were repulsed, the Germans being able to hold only one mine crater.

Berlin admits that the French, south of the Somme river, entered a portion of the German line but the trenches. There have been bombardments on the remainder of the front. "There is no gain saying the fact that furious fighting is going on and both sides are suffering heavy losses with the Germans making a series of small but steady gains."

In Volynia and on the east Galicia frontier, the Russians are strongly on the offensive against the Austro-Hungarians.

Northwest of Thessalonika the Russians, after bitter fighting, succeeded in penetrating Austro-Hungarian trenches, but later were ejected from them, while on the Hellenic frontier the Russians were driven from an advanced position to their main position. In Volynia, fighting which lasted throughout the night resulted in the defeat of the Russians.

Small engagements by infantry have taken place at several points on the Austro-Italian front, in all of which Rome reports the Italians were victorious. Fog and rain have ended for the time being the artillery duels on the Isonzo front.

Premier Skoufoulis of Greece has informed the Greek parliament that his policy to avoid trouble for Greece has the approval of the majority of the people and that it would be continued, notwithstanding pressure. He added that the forces of the government would be kept intact and used exclusively in the interest of the country.

LINERS MUST NOT ARM

Germany and Austria Will Treat Them as Warships if They Do

Washington, Feb. 11.—Germany and Austria, through their embassies here, have notified the United States of their intention to treat armed merchantmen as warships after March 1. Such vessels will be attacked and sunk without warning, and passengers will travel on them at their own risk.

Scots Burn Church Mortgage Boston, Feb. 11.—Rev. Dr. S. C. Gunn, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church, burned the mortgage of \$27,000 in the presence of members of that church last evening. The church is the only one in Boston at which the service is in Highland Gaelic.

Many Garment Workers Return Boston, Feb. 11.—Monday will witness the return of more than half of the 2000 operatives connected with the waist and dressmaking industry of the city, who walked out in response to the orders of a general strike. Many firms have yielded to the strikers' demands.

Taft Out of Politics Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—Former President Taft practically announced his elimination from politics and his determination never again to seek public preferment, when he said: "I am now in a respectable profession. I hope to live and die a professor."

No One to Blame for Fire Portland, Me., Feb. 10.—All persons in any way connected with the apartment house in which Ernest A. Dove and his wife were burned to death were exonerated from any blame in a report made at the conclusion of an official investigation.

Peter Blair of Vergennes, Vt., who is nearly 100 years old, while suffering from an attack of acute dementia attempted suicide by cutting his throat. He is expected to recover.

Birthright born of Vermont and to have their annual banquet in Haverhill, Mass.

William L. Gifford, 24, was mistaken for a thief at Vergennes, Mass., while walking home at night. He had no money, but his name was familiar. That he was a thief, he was told by a policeman who had arrested him.

William L. Gifford, 24, was mistaken for a thief at Vergennes, Mass., while walking home at night. He had no money, but his name was familiar. That he was a thief, he was told by a policeman who had arrested him.

wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 23, central valleys 25, eastern sections 27.

Usually severe storms are expected with this disturbance. Of course these bad, winter storms will not cover all the continent but we expect them to include large sections that lie east of the Rockies. The forces appear to be of sufficient strength to produce hurricanes and tornadoes during the five days centering on Feb. 21. These important weather events, east of the Rockies, promise to begin with high temperatures and a February thaw following a cold wave centering on Feb. 8 and continuing from near Feb. 10 to near Feb. 16, a cold wave Feb. 17 to 22, very severe winter storms near Feb. 21. Top of warm wave expected during five days centering on Feb. 13, bottom of cold wave near Feb. 19. Don't forget that the dates not otherwise explained are for meridian 90 and that all weather events drift across the continent from westward to eastward in about four or five days.

The weather month covers Feb. 8 to March 9 within which precipitation east of the Rockies, near and south of latitude 40 will largely increase, temperatures will average lower than usual and storms of greater force than usual. The reverse of these is expected for the Pacific slope and west of the Rocky ridge. Great storms are expected in the East Indies, the Philippine, Southern China and Northern Australia.

"You say this picture is worth \$5000, and yet you are offering it for \$10."

"Yes."

"Something wrong here," declared the policeman. "I'll have to take you in."

"Nothing wrong, officer," interposed the dealer. "It's the artist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tommy—Papa, a river is fed by small streams, isn't it?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Tommy—Then I suppose that is what makes its mouth water.—Exchange.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, FEBRUARY, 1916

STANDARD TIME											
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed
12 Noon	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Midnight	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Noon	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Midnight	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Noon	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Midnight	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Noon	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Midnight	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Noon	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
12 Midnight	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45

New Moon Feb. 3, 10.06am, Morning

Full Moon Feb. 10, 11.18am, Morning

First Moon Feb. 17, 11.18am, Morning

Last Moon Feb. 24, 7.50am, Morning

Equinox Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Solstice Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Perseus Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Orion Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Taurus Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Leo Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

Virgo Feb. 29, 11.18am, Morning

IS FREED OF MURDER CHARGE

Mrs. Mohr Collapses When Jury's Verdict Is Announced

TWO NEGROES FOUND GUILTY

They Differently Present Decision Against Them While Widow of Blain Doctor Is Set at Liberty—Charge of Instigating Assault on Miss Burger Is Still Pending

Providence, Feb. 7.—Mrs. Elizabeth P. Mohr, acquitted by a jury in the Rhode Island superior court on the charge of instigating the murder of her husband, Dr. C. F. Mohr, who was shot while in his automobile on the evening of Aug. 21 last, is at home with her children.

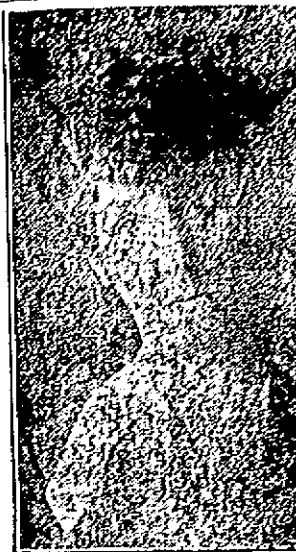


Photo by American Press Association.
MRS. ELIZABETH MOHR

Although she is still under indictment for instigating an assault with intent to kill Miss Emily Burger, who was shot while the night he was shot, it is believed that the case will be dropped.

"I hope now to be allowed to rest in peace and devote the rest of my life to the welfare of my children," said Mrs. Mohr.

The same jury which acquitted Mrs. Mohr convicted Cecil V. Brown and Henry H. Spellman, the two negroes who were accused of having hired to do the actual shooting. They have been on trial with her since Jan. 10. Although they will be sentenced to life imprisonment, their attorneys hope to obtain a new trial because of statements made to Attorney General Rice in his closing argument.

The negroes are much depressed and bitterly resent what they declare is the unfairness of the jury in deciding against them while setting Mrs. Mohr at liberty.

The jury reached its verdict after having been out for seven hours, in which time there were frequent rumors of a disagreement. The courtroom was crowded when Justice Stearns took his seat on the bench and the twelve men filed into the jury box.

As the foreman announced that Brown had been found guilty, Mrs. Mohr's face whitened. She started to rise from her chair and then fell back. She was revived just in time to hear the foreman say "Guilty" for the second time, when he announced the verdict in Spellman's case.

"Do you find the defendant, Elizabeth Mohr, guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of courts.

Mrs. Mohr looked at the foreman in mute despair. Her face and lips were colorless.

"Not guilty," said the foreman in a loud voice.

Mrs. Mohr started to rise from her chair but fell back weeping as the reaction seized her overwrought nerves. Her attorneys and friends crowded about her as the court rapped for order.

Rice announced that although there was another charge against Mrs. Mohr, she was under bail in the Burger case. She was accordingly immediately released from custody.

The Mohr trial was probably the longest murder trial in the history of Rhode Island. Over 5,000,000 words of testimony, argument and remarks by Judge Stearns were recorded.

The trial was the most expensive in the state's history. The expense is estimated at \$55,000.

Schmidt's Doom Is Sealed

Albany, Feb. 10.—Hans Schmidt, the former New York priest convicted of murder in the first degree for the death of Anna Amuler in New York, must pay the penalty for his crime in the electric chair during the week of Feb. 13. Governor Whitman declined to interfere with the carrying out of the sentence.

Thieves broke into the Brigadoon, Mass., station of the Boston and Maine railroad and ransacked the place, but got only 13 cents and a key.

Harvard university law school students are to compete for a \$100 prize, essays on some subject of maritime or international law being offered for the prize.

Cornelius A. Reardon, private secretary to Mayor Curley of Boston, will leave city hall to accept a more lucrative position as deputy sheriff on the staff of Sheriff Quinn.

Trichinosis, it is believed, caused by eating bad pork in sausages, is responsible for the death at Worcester, Mass., of Noah Fortier.

PAYORS A VOUCHER ARMOR FACTORY

Senate Committee Reports Bill For \$11,000,000

Washington, Feb. 9.—Private armor plate manufacturers notified the senate naval committee that they would raise the price of armor plate \$204 a ton if congress decided to erect or purchase armor plate factories for the government.

The committee, nevertheless, voted to recommend government plants.

After brief consideration the committee ordered favorably reported the bill authorizing expenditure of \$11,000,000 to equip Mare Island navy yard for battleship construction and \$100,000 to enlarge factories of the New York navy yard and the Mill to add 350 midshipmen to the first class at Annapolis next July. These two bills passed the house Monday.

The committee reported out a bill with only Penrose, Lodge and Smith (Mich.) opposing it, appropriating \$11,000,000 immediately to construct an armor plate factory with an annual capacity of not less than 20,000 tons. This would be sufficient to supply all government needs.

THE BOSTON "SPY" CASE

Federal Officer Says Grand Jury Will Not Consider Alleged Evidence

Boston, Feb. 11.—The report that the federal grand jury which sits in Boston next week will consider the evidence in the "German spy" case was denied by Assistant United States District Attorney Shea, who is in charge of the office. Shea said he has received no official notice to present the case to the jury.

It is believed secret service agents are trying to obtain additional evidence. Secret service men are keeping a close watch on three men who, it is claimed, are involved in the case. They are trying to learn the identity of a fourth man who is reported to be a member of the United States coast artillery and may have divulged secrets regarding harbor fortifications to the alleged spies. He was seen explaining a map at the supposed plotters' rendezvous on Milk street, a federal official says.

President Said to Have Decided Upon Status of the Appam

Washington, Feb. 11.—President Wilson is understood to hold the opinion that the British steamship Appam, brought into Hampton Roads by a German prize crew, must be considered as a prize for Germany under the Prussian-American treaty of 1828. It is stated that this accords with the view of the state department.

Some officials agree with the German contention that under the Prussian treaty the prize crew can keep the liner at Newport News until the end of the war.

BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

Membership Shows Gain of Forty-Six Percent in a Year

Washington, Feb. 11.—An increase of 46 percent in membership during the last year was announced at the annual meeting of the national council of Boy Scouts of America.

The increase to 132,522 boys and scout masters made the year the most prosperous in the six years' history of the movement.

President Wilson received the members of the national council at the White House and spoke to them of his regard for the work they are doing.

HUGHES NOT A CANDIDATE

Opposed to Use of His Name in Connection With Presidency

Washington, Feb. 10.—Representative Sloop, chairman of the Virginia Republican committee, made public a letter from Justice Hughes, declaring:

"I am totally opposed to the use of my name in connection with the nomination and to the selection or instruction of any delegates in my interest, directly or remote."

Explosion in Boston Jail

Boston, Feb. 10.—Panic was created in the Charles street jail last night when a hot water boiler in the wash yard exploded, shattering the two and a half story building and breaking out the glass in the windows of the men's side of the jail. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Gets \$10,000 From Railway

Boston, Feb. 9.—Miss Nellie E. Harrington, 35, was awarded a verdict of \$10,000 by a jury in the Suffolk superior court in her suit against the Boston Elevated railway. Miss Harrington fell through a space between a car and a platform.

Rebels Capture Chinese City

Shanghai, Feb. 11.—Luchow, in the southern part of Szechwan province, has been captured by the Yunnan revolutionists, according to word received here.

Suicide of Bank President

Panama, Jan. 11.—M. M. Reynolds, 57, president of the Guthrie County National bank, committed suicide by shooting at his home. Bishop Lawrence launched at Boston his pension plan for Episcopal clergymen when he made his first public plea for the \$100,000 fund which is to be the object of a great 1916 campaign throughout the dioceses of the American churches.

Thieves Bored a Hole through a Wall in the store of the Boston Lake Store company at Boston and secured \$100,000.

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Happenings in Various Parts of New England States

Packing houses of Cambridge, Somerville, Mass., and vicinity have granted coopers employed by them an increase of 30 cents a day.

John Kopitz, 35, the oldest medical practitioner in Connecticut, died at Middletown.

Seven firemen were overcome by smoke, two so badly that they were taken to a hospital, at a fire in a Boston apartment building.

Lynn, Mass., shoe manufacturers have drawn up an arbitration agreement which now awaits the acceptance of the United Shoe Workers of America.

Rev. Dr. Varnum A. Cooper, 81, one of the oldest Methodist ministers in New England, died at Boston. He was a veteran of the Civil war.

The full bench of the Massachusetts supreme court ordered a mandamus writ to compel Mayor Rockwood of Cambridge to refrain from removing Henry J. Cunningham as commissioner of public safety of that city.

Charles S. Wood has been transferred from Ludington, Mich., to the office of forecaster in the Providence weather bureau.

George Kimball, 75, the last surviving member of Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts regiment, died at his home at Lexington, Mass. He took part in twenty-three battles.

More than 200 horses were burned to death in the year just ended in stable fires in Massachusetts.

Edward C. Weoster, 35, of Framingham, Mass., was killed when the auto truck on which he was riding was struck by a train.

More than 200 employees of the Rockland and Rockport (Me.) Lime company went on a strike for an increase in wages and for shorter hours.

Governor McCall of Massachusetts sent to the executive council the appointment of Arthur L. Millett, managing editor of the Gloucester Daily Times, to be chairman of the fish and game commission.

Natalie De Vylder, 19, of Holyoke, Mass., eloped with Ernest G. Grandchap of Bridgeport, Conn., and were married.

The altar and valuable accessories of St. Eulalia's church, South Boston, were damaged by a \$20,000 fire that wrought havoc to the interior of the building.

Louis Taylor, a Boston tailor, admits an indebtedness of \$18,367, and has no assets, according to a bankruptcy petition.

Michael Lowder, brakeman, fell under the wheels of a locomotive at Boston and was killed.

Royal A. Davis, for many years holder of the New England amateur checker championship, died at Woburn, Mass., aged 78.

Agnes L. Thibault, 5, was burned to death at Brockton, Mass., while playing with matches.

Three tons of hams were destroyed at Portsmouth, N. H., by a fire which started in the smokehouse of the B. F. Canney company.

Walter E. Wells of Riverside was elected grand chancellor of the grand lodge of Rhode Island Knights of Pythias.

The plant at Washburn, Me., of the Northern Veneer company, manufacturers of veneer and bobbins, was burned. The loss is \$15,000.

The paper mill and machinery of the Savage Paper Manufacturing company, Skowhegan, Me., were destroyed by fire. The loss is \$30,000.

Nathan F. Houston, 56, mayor of Belfast, Me., for two terms, is dead. He had served in the state legislature.

The Standard Oil company's office building and boiler room at Gardner, Mass., were wrecked when a boiler exploded. The loss is \$23,000.

William Flynn of Providence died at Portland, Me., from injuries received when he was run over by a freight train.

Former Mayor Charles M. Bryant of Quincy, Mass., died after a brief illness from pneumonia following an attack of the grip.

That not one of the tailoring shops in Boston, some of which employ as many as 900 employees, has taken proper precautions in the event of fire, was declared by a fire prevention commissioner.

John H. Gerrish, 51, president of the Gerrish Dredging company, died at Malrose, Mass., as the result of a fall.

Four wooden buildings in the business section of North Adams, Mass., occupied as stores and offices, with lodging rooms on the upper floors, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$75,000.

Goddard seminary, Barre, Vt., closed because of outbreak of scarlet fever, will be reopened this week.

Missing Maine Girl Found

Augusta, Me., Feb. 9.—Marion Mosher, 16-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Charles G. Mosher, was found at the home of a North Yarmouth man where she had applied for shelter. Her mind is said to have been affected by overstudy.

Life Sentence For Woman

New Haven, Feb. 9.—Mrs. Sophie Krause of Milford, who recently drowned her two small children in a reservoir, pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree in the superior court and Judge Reed sentenced her to life imprisonment.

Russ Guilty of Killing Wife

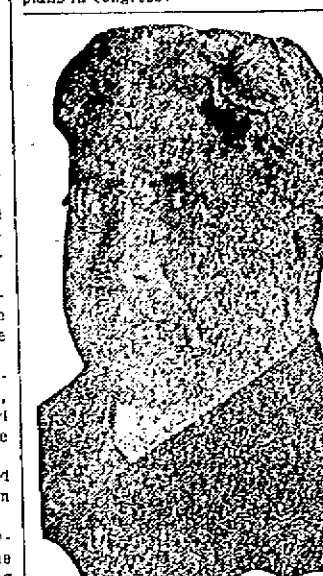
Boston, Feb. 10.—After being out twenty-three hours, the jury in the case of Oscar P. Russ, who is charged with the murder of his wife, Emily, at their home, returned a verdict of guilty in the second degree.

GARRISON LEAVES WILSON CABINET

Secretary of War at Odds With Chief Executive

Washington, Feb. 11.—Secretary Garrison has resigned because President Wilson would not "irrevocably" support the continental army plan and because he opposes the administration's program of setting a definite time for Philippine independence.

President Wilson accepted the resignation and has not selected a successor. The president himself probably will take personal charge of the administration's national defense plans in congress.



by American Press Association.
LINDLEY M. GARRISON

Assistant Secretary Breckenridge also resigned as a mark of loyalty to his chief, whose views he shared. The president accepted his resignation. Both take effect immediately. Major General Scott, chief of staff of the army, automatically becomes secretary of war ad interim.

It is known that one of Garrison's principal reasons for his conviction that only a federal continental army, instead of a recognized national guard, could be the main military dependence of the nation, was his belief that some day the United States may be called upon to defend the Monroe doctrine, and in that event he foresaw that the national guard might not be available for use outside the United States before a declaration of war.

MELLOW IS ACCUSED

Charged With Responsibility For Deaths of Three Men

West Kingston, R. I., Feb. 11.—Responsibility for the deaths of William Rhodes, Oscar Olson and Gustav Olson, who were shot in the old railroad station at Kingston, Jan. 29, was placed upon James R. Mellow by the report of the inquest held by Coroner Case, just filed.

Mellow, according to the police, has admitted that he killed Rhodes in self defense, but denied that he had shot the other two.

MISS TAYLOR IS FREED

Stepfather Found to Have Bought Pistol With Which He Was Shot

Providence, Feb. 11.—Lillian Taylor, who had been detained by the police pending the investigation into the shooting of George W. Ryan, her stepfather, was released after the police investigation showed that Ryan on Monday bought the revolver with which he was shot that night.

John Manney, who is under bond in connection with the shooting, will be given a hearing Feb. 18.

Will Renominate Wilson

St. Louis, Feb. 9.—That President Wilson would be renominated without opposition was the opinion of members of the sub-committee of the Democratic national committee who met here to arrange details for the Democratic national convention.

Itching Pimples

Disfigured Face

Red and In Blotches. Scratched and More Pimples Broke Out. Lost Rest At Night.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"Pimples broke out on my face three years ago and I had very much trouble with them as they disfigured my face. They were hard and red and were in blotches and itched so that I had to scratch my face and more pimples broke out. I lost my rest at night because of the itching."

"I had the trouble for about two years. A friend told me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I sent for a free sample. I found great relief so I bought more and in a short time I was completely healed." (Signed) Robert Cooper, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., July 23, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on the treatment of the skin and scalp. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world.

THE FACT

That you are saving money and it is earning interest for you at the Industrial Trust Company is a strong incentive to add every spare dollar to your credit promptly.

New accounts are cordially invited. You can safely send your deposits to us by mail.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

Office with Newport Trust Company.

Money deposited before the 15th of February draws interest from the first.

No. 1561.
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The National Exchange Bank.
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, December 31, 1915.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		\$885,145.61
Overdrafts, uncashed		\$7.42
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (per value)		100,000.00
Total bonds, securities, etc.		\$181,447.61
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	9,900.00	9,900.00
Loans not yet paid	4,950.00	4,950.00
Banking House		2,000.00
Other Real Estate owned		1,371.12
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		1,371.12
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	8,301.52	8,301.52
Due from approved reserve agents in other Reserve cities	4,742.35	4,742.35
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)		1,118.21
Exchanges for clearing House		1,371.12
Outside checks and other cash items	3,871.24	3,871.24
Fractional currency	875.07	875.07
Notes of other National Banks		10,000.00
Coin and certificates		31,618.13
Legal-tender notes		5,875.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
TOTAL		\$904,775.99
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		65,000.00
Undivided Profits		12,075.51
Circulating Notes		60,000.00
Due to approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	1,255.37	1,255.37
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	74,261.35	74,261.35
Dividends unpaid	2,801.00	2,801.00
Indiv. dual deposits subject to check	410,337.88	410,337.88
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	37,102.36	37,102.36
Certified checks	122.11	122.11
TOTAL		\$904,775.99

County of Newport, ss:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, 1916.
FREDERICK BRAMAN, Notary Public.
Correct Attest:
EDWARD S. PECKHAM,
EDWARD A. BROWN,
FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL, } Directors.

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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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If a fellow is going to have a falling out with a girl, let him stick to a ham-mock, and not try an aeroplane. — Philadelphia Record.

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Address R.W. R. Box 121, Peace Dale R. I.

FORESAW HIS DOWNFALL.

Napoleon Had Planned to Secure a Home in This Country.

When Joseph Bonaparte left me, the impression on my mind was that had he not been Napoleon's brother he would have passed for a very remarkable man.

I had almost forgot to mention that the conversation having incidentally turned toward his château at Bordenau he mentioned as the principal reason for choosing that situation a conversation with Napoleon, I think immediately or not long after Napoleon's return from Russia. They were alone together, and his brother, laying a large map of the United States on a table, said:

"Joseph, it is very probable that the time is not distant when you and I will be forced to seek an asylum in the United States. Come, let us look out the best spot."

"After a careful examination they decided that the most desirable place was somewhere between the Delaware and Hudson in the state of New Jersey. Napoleon was destined to a slow and painful sacrifice, but Joseph found refuge in the United States and was governed in his selection of a home by the recollection of the prophetic interview with his brother. From an unpublished manuscript of James K. Paulding in Harper's Magazine.

BANANAS AS FOOD.

The Best Way to Serve Them Is Baked When Full Ripe.

Children under three years of age do not chew their food thoroughly; they bolt it. For this reason they should not have bananas to eat uncooked. Bananas are nutritious, but they are an indigestible food unless they are well masticated. They are more easily digested when cooked than when eaten raw.

The most digestible form of cooked banana is the baked one. This is prepared first by washing the fruit, then cutting a small piece from each end of the banana when preparing a sweet potato for baking. Place the bananas to be baked on a tin plate or shallow dish in a hot oven. When they feel tender after pricking with a fork they are well baked. Dark brown or brown stained bananas (not the bright yellow ones) are best for eating, either raw or baked.

After the fruit is baked it is placed on a platter and served as a meat. It is not, however, turned out of the skin. When ready to eat it split the skin and banana lengthwise of the fruit; season it with salt, pepper and a little butter.

In warm weather baked bananas may be used to take the place of meat at a meal.—Philadelphia Record.

Pins and Needles.

After being for a long time in a constrained attitude a peculiar numbness and prickling are often felt in the arm, leg or foot. This is caused by some interruption to the circulation and can usually be removed by rubbing or exercise. The reason of the sensation, which is decidedly uncomfortable while it lasts, is that pressure for a certain length of time renders the sensibility of a nerve. When this pressure is suddenly removed, as straightening out the leg after sitting with it doubled underneath the body, sensibility gradually returns to the nerve, and as each nerve fiber composing the trunk regains its normal condition of sensibility a prickling sensation is felt, and these successive pricklings from the successive awakenings of the numerous fibers have not infrequently been called "pins and needles."

Why Wet Land Is Cold.

C. H. Hopkins, soil expert, says that five times as much heat is required to evaporate water from the surface of a soil as would be needed to raise the temperature of the same amount of water from the freezing to the boiling point, says Farm and Fireside. This explains why wet and poorly drained soils are cold.

The drainage removes the excess of water. Then the heat of the sun is able to make some headway in warming the soil. But if the soil is continually saturated with water the constant evaporation keeps the temperature down in spite of the sun's warmth.

When Your Eyes "Snap."

When you read in books and things that so-and-so's eyes "snapped" with excitement or anger you are not to suppose that his (or her) orbs made a snapping sound as they glanced about the room. We have it on no less an authority than the Journal of the American Medical Association that the eyes of man "can move accurately, noiselessly, with the greatest precision to any object in any part of the field of vision."

Overpledged.

"Lend me \$10, old man. I pledge you my word of honor I'll pay it back next Saturday."

"Sorry, but I loaned you fifteen on that security a month ago. I'll have to ask you to put up something more tangible this time."—Pittsburgh Press.

In Motor Circles.

"Now, ma," cautioned pa, "don't force too much on your guests at dinner."

"What then?" asked ma. "Make it a sociability run and not an endurance contest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Rough Weather.

"I think I've got a winner in ladies' footgear."

"What is it?" "I'm working on a scheme to put children around the tops of overshoes."—Kansas City Journal.

If This Insect Had Wings!

You can excuse a child for calling a whale a fish, but listen to this youngster, who is reported in the Boston Transcript:

Child at library—Please give me a book on whales.

A book on natural history with a chapter devoted to whales is brought. The child—Oh, I don't mean a book on the insect. I mean the country!

The Equinoctial Storm Fiction.

The widespread belief in the existence of an equinoctial storm and Indian summer comes, to a certain extent, under the head of popular superstitions. If the equinoctial storm is defined as a rainstorm, lasting at least three days and occurring within two or three days of the 21st of September, then there is very seldom a year when several equinoctial storms do not occur. The reason for the belief in an equinoctial storm is probably the fact that about that time of the year the first storms of the winter type, with steadily falling precipitation, make their appearance. They stand in sharp contrast to the summer type with the sultry weather and thunder showers. Storms of the winter type can occur, however, during any month of the summer. The amount of precipitation near the 21st has been shown by averaging the observations at many stations to be no greater than before or after this date.—Willis Lillister Millham in Meteorology.

Monster Petticoats.

During the reign of Charles I. the hoop petticoat was worn only by wives of the lower gentry and by the wives of the citizens. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne it rose again, this time in another form—that of an enormous hoop. This grew to such immense proportions that during the time of George I. and II. eight yards was considered the proper width.

These hoops had outstanding steel or whalebone foundations at the bottom of the skirt. In Elizabeth's time this whalebone had been used at the top, near the waist, enlarging the hips for several feet. Addison expressed himself about the subject as follows through his Sir Roger de Coverley: "My great-grandmother has on a new fashioned petticoat, except that hers is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a gored."

A Strange Rock Dweller.

One of the strangest creatures known to science is the phoca, or boring clam. When still very minute the animal bores into the sandstone ledges at extreme low water, by means of its sharp shell, which is replaced by secretions as it is worn away. It penetrates the rock to a depth of six or eight inches and hollows out its burrows as it increases in size. Shaped roughly like a top, it could not leave its rock dwelling even if it wished to do so. For food it depends on the animalcules that float in sea water, which it seizes by its long siphon, or tongue. The phoca is in great demand at the seaside resorts along the Pacific coast, for its meat is very tender and makes excellent soup. The clams are dislodged in great numbers from the ledges by the use of dynamite, although it is possible to obtain them with a pick or crowbar.—Exchange.

Mexico City Is Aged.

Mexico City is traditionally nearly 600 years old. It was founded when the Aztecs settled on an island near Lake Texcoco. Cortez practically destroyed the city in 1521. From this time on there was hardly a break in the ordinary events until 1822, when there was a revolt against Spanish rule. Later it was the scene of many revolutions and much bloody fighting until the iron rule of Porfirio Diaz made revolutions for thirty years somewhat unprofitable ventures. In the war between the United States and Mexico the principal movement of the American troops was directed against Mexico City. After capturing the hill of Chapultepec by assault General Scott occupied the city Sept. 14, 1847.

The Word Tramway.

Tramway is the term applied in Great Britain to all kinds of street railroads, whether using horses, engines, a cable or electricity. The word originally meant a log or stump. The evolution of the word into modern English use is given as: End—fragment—stump—log—pole—bar—beam—rail. In the earliest forms of railroads the tracks consisted of rails of wood or flat stones, at a later period of wooden stringers covered with strap iron and lastly of iron rails.

Encouraging Sign.

"How are you getting along with Miss Gadder?" "Oh, first rate." "What makes you think you are making some progress in her regard?" "Well, when I first started to calling she played the phonograph practically all the time. Now the machine frequently remains idle for as long as twenty minutes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Doomed.

"I like to see a smart, well educated woman," said young De Sapp, "but I wouldn't want to marry one who knows more than I do."

"Too bad," rejoined Miss Swift. "I'm sorry to hear that you intend to remain a bachelor all your life."—Indianapolis Star.

One Form of It.

Grubbe—They tell me Binks is very much interested in music. Stubbs—I suppose he must be. At any rate, he is an expert at blowing his own horn.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Sightseeing.

On a visit to his grandmother Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked, "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"

The reputation that is built on cleverness is temporary; that built on character is permanent.

Easy Mark.

Randall—I just borrowed \$5 from a friend. Rogers—Give me his address quick. Randall—Why? Rogers—A man who would lend money to a man would lend it to any one.—Life.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

EVOLUTION OF A WORD.

"Hypocrite" Was Once the Title of a Pantomime Actor.

Do you know what a hypocrite is? Why, he is a person who uses the church as a cloak to cover graft and greed and all manner of evil-doing. At least that is what he was in the days of our fathers. More recently he has taken on another color, a different kind of cloak. He need not be a dissembler merely in the matter of religious hypocrisy may be practiced in friendship, in culture, in philanthropy. It goes a degree further even than that, for the hypocrite may deceive himself, as well as his fellow man.

But how did the word, which is obviously a compound of "hypo," meaning "under," and the very familiar "critic" come to mean a person who deceives either himself or other people? This question suggests a second one: What is a critic?

The Greek verb from which the noun was derived meant originally to analyze, separate or judge. So the critic came to be one who had been set apart or judged worthy to plead a cause or present an argument. At one stage of his evolution the critic was a person who recited the works of the great dramatists. He was an actor—who did not act. The gestures were supplied by a man trained for that purpose, who went through a sort of pantomime, while the real interpreter of the part gave the melodiously intoned words. The pantomime artist was a "hypocrite" because he played an under part to the "critic." Later, when the speaking and acting were done by the same person, he was called the "hypocrite." Now any one who plays a part not his own is practicing hypocrisy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ANCIENT MEALTIMES.

When They Rose at 5, Dined at 9 and Supped at 5.

The change in meal-times is evidenced by the old rhyme:

To rise at five and dine at nine,
To sup at five and bed at nine,
Will make a man live to ninety-nine.

But one suspected that the change in the names of the meals rather than in the hours. Our ancestors would have termed our luncheon dinner and our dinner supper. It is a curious fact that in some of the Oxford colleges, where the founders made allowances for the meals of the students, a much larger sum is allotted for supper than for dinner, implying that the former was the more substantial meal. Taken at 5 or 6 o'clock, it was really "early dinner."

Some particulars of the meal-times of our ancestors may be found in William Harrison's "Description of England," published in 1587:

"With us the nobility, gentry and students do ordinarily go to dinner at 11 before noon and to supper at 5 or between 5 and 6 at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon and 6 at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at 7 or 8, but out of the town in our universities the scholars dine at 10. As for the poorest sort, they generally dine and sup when they may, so that to talk of their order of repast it were but a needless matter."—London Chronicle.

Melbourne, a City That Planned.

There is and always has been a great amount of public spirit in Melbourne, due, in large part, to the Scotch element that has predominated from the beginning. "The first citizens, led by Scots, as a rule, set to work with magnificent faith in the future. A city was planned worthy of being the capital of 10,000,000 people, and the public buildings were designed on the same generous scale. The soil on the site was deep and rich. That suggested tree planting, and most of the streets are today relieved by handsome foliage, and the parks which ring the city round have trees worthy of the forests of Europe. The avenue of elms in Fitzroy gardens certainly represents that tree at its best."—Bishop B. E. Hoes in Dallas News.

The Blind Man's Lantern.

A blind man in Khotka (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one meeting him said: "You're blind. It's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

Not a Gay One.

"Do you believe all men are gay deceivers?" asked Mrs. Twiddle. "No, indeed," answered Mrs. Dubwalte. "There's Mr. Dubwalte, for instance." "Yes?"

"In his efforts to deceive me he even goes so far as to shed tears."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Antagonists.

How many who have deemed themselves antagonists will smile hereafter when they look back upon the world's wide harvest field and perceive that in unconscious brotherhood they were helping to bind the selfsame sheaf!—Hawthorne.

No Escape.

Bella—I understand your sister married a struggling young man? Gus—Yes; he struggled hard, but he couldn't get away from her.

Man is an imitative creature, and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.

One of Its Uses.

"Willie, did you see my new sharing brush?" "Yep. Mom is using it to paint the bird cage."—Columbia Jester.

The word "tomorrow" was invented for irresponsible people and for children.—Turgeneff.

The Worm Turned.

"You haven't done very well this month," said the boss. "Your orders were few and far between."

"I'm sorry," said the travelling salesman, "but—"

"I don't want excuses. I want orders." Just then the door opened, and the secretary entered and passed in a card. "Humph," said the boss. "James Henry, salesman for the General Products company. Doesn't he know I never see travelling men at this hour?"

"He says he is in a hurry to leave town and would like to explain his proposition to you. He will be brief."

"I can't see him now. I'm busy. Tell him to wait."

"When shall I tell him to call again?" "Tell him to wait there and I'll see him in about an hour. Now, then, young man, why is it that you fell down this month?"

"Because all the business men I called on insisted on treating your salesman the way you treat them."—Exchange.

Baking a Watch.

Only the best made chronometer would ever survive the tests made at the Royal observatory, Greenwich. Usually there are about 200 watches under examination for use in the royal navy. On certain occasions there is a complete trial of chronometers open to all makers who have sufficient confidence in their watches being able to withstand the severity of the tests. During the competition the watches are exposed to every possible variation of temperature. They are baked in furnaces sufficiently hot to cook a joint. In fact, so great is the heat that a badly made watch has been known to tumble to pieces during the baking test. The moment a watch is taken out of the oven it is plunged into mixtures registering 40 degrees of frost. To such perfection has the manufacture of some chronometers attained that even the most stringent tests fail to cause the slightest variation.—London Telegraph.

Making Pastel Colors.

The lack of permanency of pastel pictures is largely due, according to Birge Harrison, to the bad quality of the materials employed. Unscrupulous manufacturers dip sticks of white chalk into liquid baths of brilliant but ephemeral dyes, and pictures produced with these soon fade. Writing in Art and Progress, Mr. Harrison says artists should make their own pastels, a process that is very easy.

"The materials used," he says, "are precipitated chalk mixed with the best dry powdered colors in the proportions necessary to produce the various tints desired. This impalpable powder is moistened to the consistency of a thick paste by the addition of an extremely dilute solution of gum tragacanth and water. It is then very thoroughly kneaded and finally pressed or rolled into sticks of the desired size."

Dogs In Moccasins.

After the first severe freeze at the beginning of winter a band of prospectors working in northern Canada found themselves on the wrong side of a lake over a hundred miles wide, on the other side of which was the winter headquarters.

They were without any means of transportation other than a boat in which was stored all their belongings and provisions. Hiring a halfbreed with his dog team, they put runners under the boat and made their way easily and safely across the smooth miles of frozen water, helping along the dogs by setting a sail on the boat. To protect the feet of the dogs from the hard surface of the ice small moccasins of buckskin, well padded, were provided for each.

Greece Only an Oligarchy.

Greece as many people do not know, is a country managed by 600 families who hate one another like poison in true classic Greek fashion. The peasants, the back drivers and the fishermen talk radical politics all day long, but when election day comes they vote for a member of one of these big aristocratic—namely, "best" to the Greek sense—families. A republic for Greece would mean anarchy, chaos.—World's Work.

Bored Audience.

"Mr. Jaggs never opened his mouth while his wife was entertaining her guests the other night."

"Oh, yes, he did several times."

"I didn't hear him. What did he say?"

"Nothing. He yawned."—Baltimore American.

The Clover Tree.

The limbs of the clover tree being very brittle, a peculiar four sided ladder is used in stripping the tree. As fast as the buds are collected they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put into the storehouse ready for market.

Curious Request.

A doctor in the country received one day a letter from an old woman asking for a bottle of cough mixture for her husband, ending with the postscript: "Please, sir, don't make it too strong, as the poor man has only got one leg."—London Tit-Bits.

Different From Her Ma.

Ma—Why is it that there's never a match in this house? She (crying)—I can't make matches. Ma—That's strange. Your mother could.—Boston Transcript.

That's So.

"I hear strange sounds in my ears, doctor."

"Well, where would you expect to hear them?"—Boston Transcript.

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Atlantic Monthly.

LIGHT ON LIGHT.

What It Really Is and How Its Waves Affect Our Eyes.

How many of us could say what "light" is?

Could we explain why the gloom of the streets seems increased tenfold when we leave a well lighted room? And do we know why all of us suffer discomfort, if not actual pain, when from darkness we enter a brilliantly lighted place?

The discomfort on entering a lighted room after darkness is because the optic nerve, which receives light just as the drum of the ear receives sounds, is suddenly burdened with light rays before the pupil of the eye has had time to contract to receive them. The pupils dilate very much in the dark in order to admit every ray possible, and a dilated pupil cannot, without discomfort, suddenly receive an abundance of light rays.

When the pupils contract there is an automatic adjustment to the quantity of light. When we "peer" we are really only adjusting our pupils. Going from brilliant light to darkness, the pupils do not dilate instantly. They remain contracted and cannot for a time collect what light there is. So the darkness appears intensified. Cats, owls and other animals see in the dark because they have the power of enlarging their broad pupils and collecting light which is invisible to us. Light itself is a fluid of luminous ether, which fills up the spaces in the air particles. It has an undulating vibratory movement, which strikes on the optic nerve, giving us the sensation of "light."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE HEART OF LONDON.

Where the Land Is Valued at Over \$10,000,000 Per Acre.

There is an amazing price set upon the land of London. In the center of the English metropolis tiny lots have been sold for fortunes.

An acre there is the dearest in the world. Many a transaction over ground in the heart of the city has set the figure of \$10,000,000 per acre. One square mile of London is valued at \$750,000,000. The land beneath the Bank of England at low estimate is worth \$35,000,000, and there are only three acres in that tract too.

There are places on Queen Victoria Upper Thames, St. Mary-at-Hill and Cannon streets where one square inch is worth \$1.25. In Lombard street and King William street prices have ranged from \$200 and \$250 to \$350 per square foot.

Corinthian property has been bought for more than \$12,000,000 an acre. Thread-needle street land for \$350 per square foot, and a church in Austin Friars, not such a large church either, was tempted with an offer of \$5,000,000 for the land beneath it.

The steady lifting of London land in price has brought fabulous riches to the owners. Families have risen to prominence on no other ground than that they owned small bits of ground in valuable sections. Rents are high there, and sales have made owners permanently wealthy.—Philadelphia North American.

Odious Comparison.

A little girl from Brooklyn was taken to visit her maternal grandmother in Connecticut. During her stay the household made much of her, and on her departure she was hugged and kissed and wept over by each member of the affectionate family in turn. The scene made a deep impression on her young mind.

A visit to some Boston relatives followed. At the conclusion of it her uncle and cousins stood smilingly waving their adieux to the little one until she was out of sight.

The child's mother was beginning to wonder what made her so unusually quiet when a solemn little voice rang out from her corner of the car: "Not a tear shed!"—New York Post.

Pinched Him Financially.

An esteemed citizen went into a shoe store in a metropolitan town and asked to see some leather goods. Another minute and an obliging salesman was hauling out some boxes.

"That is a nice looking shoe," remarked the customer as the salesman pushed his foot into a shiny right and started to lace it. "What is the price?"

"This pair is \$5," responded the salesman as he finished the lacing and ran his hands across the vamp.

"Does it pinch you any?"

"Well, I should say it does!" was the prompt rejoinder of the customer.

"Give me something about \$5 cheaper."—Kansas City Star.

How the Roughhouse Started.

They were talking about various things at the club, when a member not especially noted for his cleanliness remarked, "Would you call a bath a luxury or a necessity?"

"In your case," replied the man addressed, "it would be both—a necessity because you need it so badly and a luxury because you take it so rarely."—Boston Transcript.

The Cow.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "write a sentence containing the word 'contenta.'"

After a few moments' hard labor Johnny submitted the following: "The contents of a cow is milk."—Chicago News.

Going Home to Mother.

Just what is meant by going home to one's mother, in its larger sense, is perhaps a little difficult to define. Yet, surely, it must be a very universal experience. Have we not all at some time—often following a period of confusion and stress of circumstances—suddenly experienced that deep sense of finding ourselves where we belonged? A sense of restfulness, of homecoming, of general rightness and well doing? It is a longing for the non-essential and the trivial and a shifting of the spirit into deeper and simpler channels; a pause, when in the midst of all this dance of time and circumstances one gets a sudden enlarging glimpse of truth and of eternity.—Atlantic Monthly.

Squeaky Shoes.

While conducting a research for information on the origin of certain fashions of the past I discovered the reason for the existence of the squeak in shoes.

The squeak was once deemed fashionable, and men of great importance in the affairs of the country demanded it in their footwear, and cobblers were paid 2 shillings extra for putting it in. The squeaky foot denoted the approach of some one of importance, and the way was made clear at once in the same manner as a bicyclist's shrill whistle warns you to look to your interests.

During the squeaky period men found it difficult to sneak into the house after 12 midnight without being discovered and disengaged. Removing the shoes before entering the house is an invention which followed the squeaky shoe era, and while the former is now almost obsolete, the latter is still in vogue and as popular as ever with married men.—Zini in Catons Magazine.

Bite About Beasts.

You think you know something about animals, eh? Well, let us put your knowledge to a few simple tests.

Frogs, to begin with. Can they breathe with their mouths shut? Certainly they can. As a matter of fact, they always do. If they kept their mouths open they would suffocate.

Next, hares. When do they close their eyes? Answer, never. You see, they haven't any eyelids, so they can't. But they have a thin membrane, which performs the service of eyelids when they are asleep.

What is the color of a horse's eyebrows? That's a difficult one. Think hard and then learn that a horse hasn't any eyebrows.

You may like to know, in addition, that turtles and toads have no teeth; that parrots, unlike the majority of birds, can move both mandibles of their beaks, and that snakes never masticate. They simply haven't time between breaths.—London Answers.

More Hops.

In July, 1893, General William Henry Harrison, who had been spoken of as a candidate for president, visited Philadelphia. Many of his political friends were at the abundant wharf to meet and escort him to his hotel. He was placed in a four horse carriage, but after proceeding a short distance the horses became unmanageable and had to be taken out of the harness. The people began to draw the carriage, and there was a call for ropes. They were soon procured, but proved too short, and as the orthodoxy increased the cry arose, "More ropes!" and still more ropes. The Democrats saw only the funny side of the case and adopted "more ropes" as a ridiculing slogan. It did not last long and could not have hurt Harrison much, for four years later he was elected president.—Philadelphia Press.

Skeletons.

Skeletons are used in cemeteries, laboratories and museums. After battles they are frequently bleached before being stored away for the winter.

Everybody has a skeleton, without which one would fall around like a jellyfish, and instead of going to bed at night we would have to be hung over a clothesline. Indeed, life without a skeleton would be one long, dreary flop.

Skeletons come in a lot of assorted bones, which are more or less securely fastened together by the department store clerk who fastened them together before they went out of the shop. When the first skeleton was constructed one of its bones got away and has caused much trouble ever since.

Some wear clothes over their skeletons.—Life.

Tosti's Thanks.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

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Sewall Barron's Change of Heart.

FRANK K. RICH.

The summer leader leaped forward with genuine admiration in her eyes, the better to see the trim set of farm buildings that they were passing. Mr. Nudd checked the horse a trifle for her accommodations.

"What a very pretty place!" exclaimed the leader. "So clean and well-kept. It looks as if the owner must be very proud of it."

"Yes," answered Mr. Nudd, thoughtfully. "I reckon he is now. That's Sewall Barron's place. But there was a time, not so very long ago, when you wouldn't have found much to admire, 'specially you'd been driven by here then. Didn't look much the same at that time."

"What has caused such a change?" inquired the leader.

Mr. Nudd pulled the horse to a walk as they approached a hill, and settled himself to conversation.

"Well," he drawled, "the 'mediate' cause was his wife and two of his daughters and a strange minister, and 'bout all the folks in this end of the town, or else, as you might say, under favorable conditions."

"Well," continued Mr. Nudd, "at that time I'd know where I'd looked to find a ramshackle, was run down place. There hadn't been a thing done to it for years—not so much as to drive a nail into a loose clapboard. 'Twa'n't 'cause Sewall wasn't able to fix it up, for he was well fixed then as he is now, for as money went. No, it was 'cause of his black and careless, and not caring how things looked."

"But if he felt like that, he was the only one round the place that did. His wife and the two girls kept at him all the time when he was in the house—inevitably, and rainy days, and any other time when they could catch him where he couldn't get away. He'd always have some excuse, either he was too busy with the farm work, or 'twas too hot or too cold, or something, 's always preventin' him from tinkerin' round the buildin's, and the place was gettin' worse and worse. But finally it got to be, as I told you, somethin' scandalous."

"Well, when things got 'bout as bad as they could be, he, and still be possible for folks to live in the house, it fell out that there was an open-air meeting over there in the grove, and you can see the place if you also up in the seat a little, and of course Sewall was all wrought up over it, for he was a master hand at anything like that—Pleasance and barbecues and all them outin's, and so he made all cal'lations to go, and did go."

Mr. Nudd paused a moment in judicial reflection, and then went on again: "Now, whether Mrs. Barron and the girls done what they did do from set purpose, or whether it happened to come jest right for 'em, I don't know and shan't ever know. All I do know is what happened."

"The day of the meetin' was jest 'bout such a day as this—bright and sunshiny and warm, and there was a big turnout of folks from everywhere round this part of the town; the folks from the other end of town come by back road, you know, and didn't get here to see Sewall's change of heart when it was changin'; but they heard all 'bout it before the day was over."

"The folks gathered together at the town-house before they all started for the grove, and I was there was more'n a hundred of 'em. The principal speaker of the day was a minister from Bangor, a big, nice-looking, pleasant-spoken man as I 'bout ever see—and they gathered there to sort of welcome him before they started out to the grove."

"Well, after the preliminaries was all gone through with, we formed up in a sort of stagional procession, and started out. The minister was in the lead, and we was all walkin', for it ain't a great distance and the minister wanted to walk, and Sewall and some of the rest was up ahead with him p'intin' out the different objects of interest to him as we passed along. The minister was all took up with the nice-kept places he was passin', and commented on 'em all as we passed 'em."

"At last we have in sight of Sewall's place, and when we topped the rise I chanced to be lookin' right at Sewall, and I saw him give a sort of start, and rub his eyes, and look, and for a minute he acted like a man that wanted to run, and couldn't. And right then I heard the sound of hammers, and I looked to see what was goin' on, and I understood why Sewall wanted to run!"

"Up on that roof, with a lot of shingles and boards, was Mrs. Barron and the oldest girl, Kate, her name is, and down in the yard, trying to right up the gatepost with a crowbar, was Sadie, the other girl. They was workin' like beavers, too, and they must have been at it for quite a spell, for they'd made a big difference in the looks of the place already—pickin' up culch and plin' it ready to burn, and straightenin' up the doorknob, I'd know what they hadn't been doin', for I couldn't spare the time to notice close, bein' took up with watchin' Sewall."

"I could see the minister takin' sharp notice, and after we passed the house I saw him straighten up and come to a halt, as if he'd made some resolve. And when he halted, the rest of us drew up near him to hear what he was goin' to say. He held up his hand for quiet, and we all listened."

"Brethren," he said, and his voice rolled out so Mrs. Barron and the girls could hear him just as plain as though they was within ten foot of him, "a pleasant deed, done in kindness of spirit, makes a happy day. It would be very pleasant to-day in the grove, I have no doubt, and I looked forward to it very much. But speaking for myself, I could not now go and enjoy one minute of it, for I should be thinking of these fellow ladies whom we have just passed. A hundred willing hearts and two hundred willing hands can accomplish wonders this day. These ladies, I am sure, have some urgent reason for."

"He didn't finish, because jest then Mrs. Barron arrived on the scene, as you might say, and took charge of the doin's. She was maid clear through, and I could see that plain enough—but there was somethin' besides jest maid 'bout it, to make a nice quiet woman like Mrs. Barron take the stand she did. She held up her hand, with the hammer still in it."

"We have got a reason," says she, p'intin' at Sewall standin' there by the minister, and it or him is standin' there at your right hand. We've coaxed and pleaded long enough for him to show some decent pride in the place he lives in, and it ain't done one bit of good, and now, if we can't get it done any other way, and it looks as if we couldn't, the girls and I are goin' to do it!" She kind of bowed her head a minute, but she kept right on. "It ain't that we

aren't grateful to you," she said to the minister, "for we know it was just good-heartedness that made you want to help some women that you thought needed help. They do need it, but the man that ought to help them is able, even if he ain't willin'."

"Well, I don't know whether I pilted Sewall the most or whether I was mad at him the most—it was kind of a mixed up feelin' I had. He stood there amongst us, with his head hung down on his chest, and not one word to say. For the matter of that, after Mrs. Barron turned and went away, nobody said a word, and pretty soon we all took up our way to the grove again, all but Sewall. He took out to one side, and we passed him while he was standin' in the ditch with his head hung down. I looked back after a minute, and he was puttin' it fur the house as hard as he could pelt."

"We didn't go back that way when it come night, I'd know why, but we took the long way by the pond and I was mighty glad, for one. I guess it was all of four months before I came out this way again, and when I did, I could scarcely believe my eyes, though I'd heard of how Sewall was fixin' up his place. And if he's ever let as much as a nail get out of place round these buildin's since, I shan't ever hear of it!"

Mr. Nudd pulled on the reins impatiently.

"Gedday, Judy!" he commanded. "You goin' to take all day to shun up this hill?"—The Youth's Companion.

Do Tell.

Little Edna is always frightened at the appearance of Indians upon the screen at picture shows.

"Mamma," she whispered to her mother one night at the theatre, "are there golog to be any Indians in this show?"

"No, dear," answered her mother. "But, mamma," persisted little Edna, "have the Indians been out yet?"

"Why, no, Edna, I told you there were no Indians in this play."

"But, mamma, who scalped all those men down there in the front seats?"—Exchange.

A Long Day.

John was grieving because he had no gift for his mother's birthday.

"Do not quarrel with little sister all day," suggested grandmother.

"That would be the best gift she could have," John agreed.

"Can't you see how much mother enjoyed your gift, John?" asked grandmother at night. "Why don't you do it every day?"

John drew a breath that came from his very boots.

"I'd rather die, grandma, than live like this every day!" he said fervently.

They Never Come Back.

During one of the principal events at a Grand Circuit race meeting, the cry of "Hats off in front!" was raised, and obeyed. When the horses had passed the hats were, of course, replaced.

A few minutes later a young man eagerly tried to lift the hats of the spectators around him, replacing them with savage expressions of annoyance. On lifting the hat of one of the spectators he was asked what he was "up to."

"Why," he exclaimed, "I bet \$5 with a bald-headed man, and I am trying to find him."

Little Ethel (to visitor)—Did you just get back today, Mrs. Brown?

The Visitor—Why, no, Ethel. I haven't been away. What made you think I had?

Little Ethel—Why, my papa and mamma both said that you and your husband had been together for two or three weeks.—Puck.

"Richmug, the eminent financier, who is as seriously ill, has both a German and an English specialist."

"How are they getting on?"

"Rotten. Every time one of them issues a bulletin the other immediately denies it."—Puck.

A mother once sent this somewhat satirical note to the teacher of her small son.

"Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie's right ear until it is getting longer than the other. Please pull his left ear for a while, and oblige his mother."—Tit-Bits.

"Machinery seems almost endowed with intelligence."

"That's right," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "Sometimes I ketch myself usin' the same language to our automobile I used to the mule."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Merchant—What we want is a man to put the blame on when a customer complains—one who is able to take a calling down without giving any talk back.

Applicant—I'm your man, sir. I've been married 10 years.—Boston Transcript.

"Does your wife show any interest in the war?"

"Yes, indeed. She talks about it."

"What does she say?"

"Why, she says she wishes I could go."—Chicago American.

Penelope—Marcella was in the clairvoyant's room for two hours.

Perceval—She must have been having her future told.

Penelope—Why are you so certain of that?

Perceval—It would have taken the clairvoyant two weeks to have told her past.—Judge.

"Seth Smiggles says you are another Daniel Webster."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "Seth is always comparing me with somebody who is dead."—Washington Star.

Old Lady—Stop fighting at once. Don't you know that you should forgive your enemies?

"He ain't no enemy. I never seen him before."—Life.

"Yes, I told father that white poker chip I dropped was a peppermint tablet."

"Did he swallow it?"—Hobart Herold.

Perceval—The footpad held me up for all I had.

Ethel—I don't see how those fellows make a living.—Buffalo News.

Teacher (relating an experience with a tramp)—And then I fainted.

Small Boy (excitedly)—Did yer right or wid yer left?—Harper's Magazine.

Mrs. Wabash—Ever have a joyride?

Mrs. Dearborn—Sure! From Reno home after I got my divorce.—Yonkers Statesman.

All Sorts.

"Oh, why did I ever marry you?" "Because I didn't know any better."—Life.

Misses—I hope you are habitually truthful, Horah. New Girl—I am on my own account, myn. I only tell lies to the cat for the family.—Boston Transcript.

First Clubwoman—I noticed you talking to that old horse.

Second Clubwoman—Yes, you might almost call it an organ recital.—Punch.

"Some people are humorous without even knowing it."

"As when, for instance?"

"Here's a man advertising a lecture on 'The Panama Canal, Illustrated with slides.'—Chicago Herald.

Stude (trying to pick her up)—The fellow beat me a dollar. I didn't dare speak to you. You don't think do you? Beautiful girl! Not at all. Run along now and get your dollar.—The Yellow.

Pond (to other)—"Ay, dear, lad, there's not a day passes but what I think of you in that awful submarine, with only the periscope to breathe through."—Punch.

"I think that kid of mine is going to make a financier."

"What's your granddaddy?"

"When company comes he always shows them his little bank."

"I'm worn out. I've been breaking in a new cook."

"I've got my hands full too, I'm breaking in a new husband."—Browning's Magazine.

A great many men are blamed for idleness when they should be praised for not getting in the way.—Washington Star.

Jimps taken noonday luncheons from a street wallo wagon.

"Why, he told me he took them in a cart."—Baltimore American.

"I wish and wish again I was in Michigan," sang the man with the leather sheep-skin.

"So do I," remarked a man in the front row.

She—I hear that you skated into an airhole the other day.

He—That's what they call it, but I found it full of water.—Boston Transcript.

He—There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman.

She—Indeed. And when are they?

He—Before and after marriage.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tommy—Pop, what is a pessimist?

Tommy's Pop—A pessimist, my son, is a man who never hopes for the best because he hates to be fooled.—Philadelphia Record.

All the world's a stage, but only a few performers get the spotlight.

"Where did you get the grip?"

"From a fellow who belongs to the same lodge."

"Do you have hot and cold water in your room?"

"No, cold and semi-cold."

"He's a director in a bank."

"Go on! That fellow?"

"Yes. He tells the people what wind-up to go to."—Detroit Free Press.

"So much good advice is constantly being heaped upon engaged couples and so much of it goes unheeded," remarked Prof. Pato, "that I am constrained to believe that love also laughs at jawsmiths."—Judge.

Bill—Where's your brother?"

Jill—Oh, he's downtown learning to drill.

Bill—A! Is he going to be a soldier?

Jill—No, a dentist.—Yonkers Statesman.

Stranous Admiralty Law.

It was the early days of boat travel on the Ohio river when open passenger steamers stopped at landings on islands and mainlands for freight.

We had made an island landing, and a wealthy passenger had left the boat to buy cigars at the island's tiny store.

He bought \$5 worth and presented a hundred dollar bill in payment, whereupon the storekeeper offered him \$5 in change, amending that he had received only \$10. The customer returned to the boat and related his tale of woe to the captain, who at once went ashore and informed the storekeeper that unless the change was at once forthcoming he would drag a cable around the island and hitch it into the river.

The storekeeper still refused, and the captain departed for his boat. A cable was quickly passed around the little building, hitched to the vessel and full steam ordered. When the shack tottered upon its foundations, the frightened storekeeper appeared, the missing bills fluttering in his hand.—New York Post.

He Proved His Case.

"Human nature is mighty queer, isn't it?" he observed to the other man on the rear platform of the street car.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the other.

"People are too sensitive—altogether too sensitive."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, I do. For instance, now, you have a red nose. You are not to blame for it perhaps, but you are so sensitive that if I should offer you a remedy for it you—"

"You old boater, I've a good mind to knock your head off!" hissed the red nosed man as he squared off.

"Told you so," replied the other as he dropped off. "Human nature is the queerest durned thing on earth, and some folks are so sensitive that they'd swallow their false teeth rather than let any one know they had 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

Hot Milk in Mashod Potatoes.

"The reason that really good mashod white potatoes are so scarce in this latter world is that the milk isn't heated before it is put into them," said the domestic science teacher.

"And yet," said the pupil pensively, "I have seen wonderful cooks put in cold milk."

"But that was while the potatoes were burning hot and on the stove," insisted the advocate of the hot milk dressing. "The potatoes were so awfully hot that they heated the milk. The safest way is to heat the milk and to use also plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Then heat and heat them with a fork. Never use a spoon. You can't beat them too much for their own good."—New York Herald.

WILD ALL THROUGH.

The American Bay Lynx is an Animal That Can't Be Tamed.

We call him the American wildcat, although he is of a different species from the wildcat of Europe. His real name is bay lynx, and he is closely associated with that other animal of America, the Canadian lynx. The European wildcat is really the ancestor of the domestic cat, but you can't domesticate the bay lynx of America. He is wild all the way through.

He gets his front name from his color, which is a yellowish brown or bay. His tail is short, which has given him another name—bobcat. Unlike most cats, he is a good swimmer, and his hind feet are partly webbed.

The bay lynx frequents mountain woodlands in the less settled portions of America, and sometimes he makes his presence known by his rattle on poultry. He is also a voracious devourer of birds' nests, and he will eat both birds and eggs. He will also devour squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys and anything that isn't too big for him to kill.

His appetite for animals has led people to fear him, although he will seldom attack human beings—only when he thinks he has to defend himself. He usually builds a nest of moss and leaves in a hollow tree.—Philadelphia North American.

SCIENCE OF NOSES.

In Size and Shape, It Is Said, Is Shown the Wearer's Character.

Nosography reveals the character, habits and inclinations of people by a simple inspection of noses. According to the system, the nose should be as long as possible, and this is a sign of intellect, power and genius. Examples—Napoleon and Caesar, both of whom had large noses. A straight nose denotes a just, serious and energetic mind, the Roman nose a propensity for adventure and a wide nose with open nostrils a mark of great sensuality.

A cleft nose shows benevolence. It was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul.

The curved fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved, thin nose, on the contrary, is a mark of a brilliant mind, but vain and disposed to be fondled. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet or a critic. If the line of the nose is re-entrant—that is, if the nose is turned up—it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant and frolicsome. A pale nose denotes egoism, envy, heartlessness. The quick, sensitive, sensitive nose has a strongly colored nose of uniform shade.—London Telegraph.

A Great Military Feat.

Nonza, in Corsica, is very proud of the story of a great military feat performed there long ago. It is told in "Nonante Corsica," by George Benwick.

The French in 1768 had subjugated all the northern cape with the exception of the tower of Nonza, which for a considerable time sustained a close siege. Attacking parties were driven back by a fierce fire, but at last the garrison agreed to surrender if allowed to march out with all the honors of war. This was conceded, and old Captain Casella appeared, staggering under a load of muskets and pistols.

"Why is the garrison so long in coming out?" asked the French commander.

"It is here, sir," replied Casella. "I am the garrison."

Needs No Lightning Rod.

A building 9,000 feet above sea level should be protected by lightning rods, one thinks, but the astronomical observatory at Mount Stan has not and does not need such protection. The observatory is near the summit of the volcano, and the stream of vapor constantly rising from the crater acts as a natural conductor, draining the electricity out of the clouds, so that lightning is seldom seen there

